

THE AWFUL FAMINE IN INDIA—MILLIONS STARVING TO DEATH. DOUBLE-PAGE OF  
ILLUSTRATIONS.

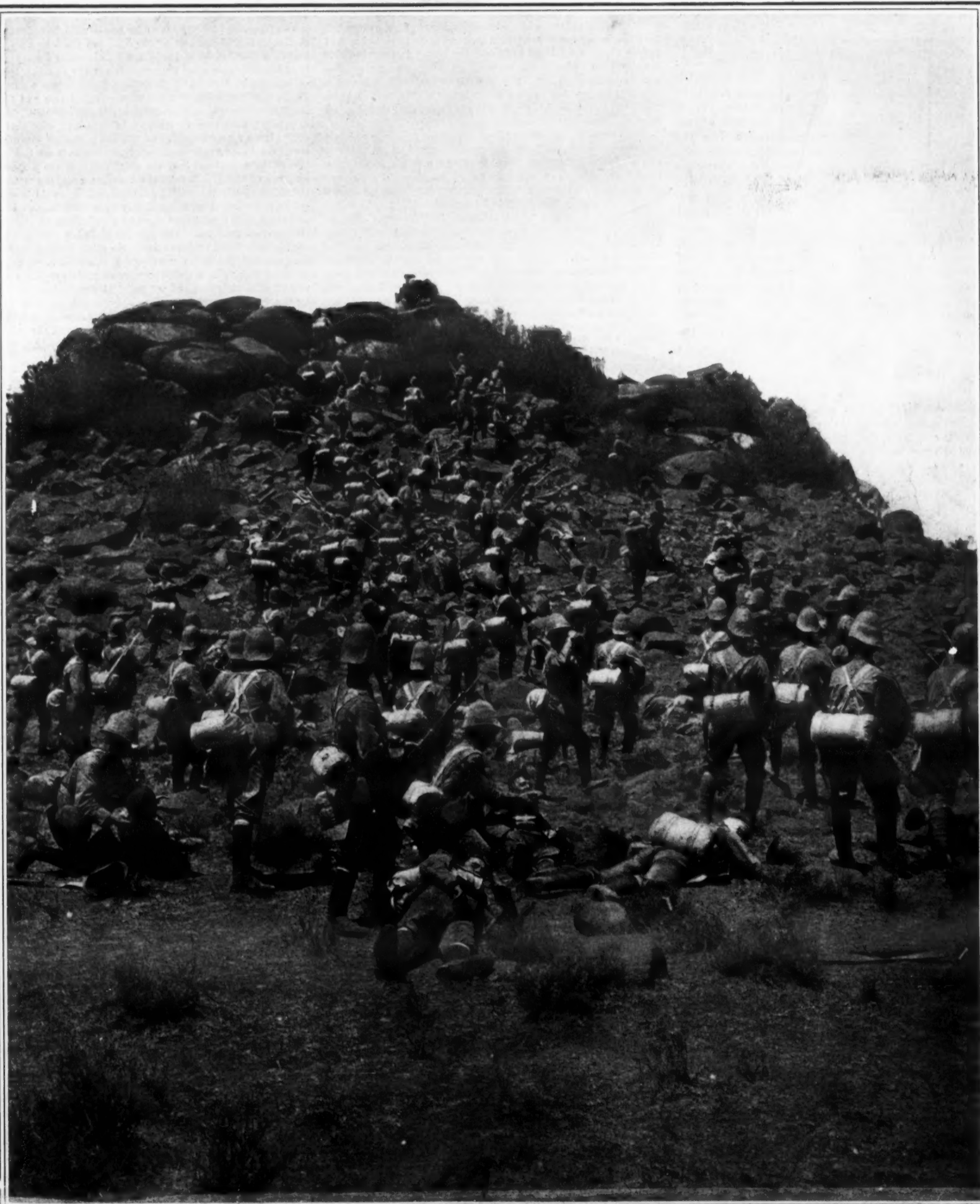
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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A DESPERATE CHARGE ON A SOUTH AFRICAN KOPJE.

THE ENGLISH SUFFOLKS MAKING A GALLANT EFFORT TO CAPTURE ONE OF THE NATURAL INTRENCHMENTS OF THE BOERS.  
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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## The New Century's Controlling Influences.

(Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.)



PRESIDENT THWING, WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY.

THE five points of our national Calvinism are: The family, the church, the school, the paper and the book, and society. These are the elements of national strength for the new century.

Despite the shameless revelations of the divorce courts, despite the ravages of what is called "free love," the American home still remains intact. It is, and is to be, the social unit. It is the centre whence we are to draw the whole circle of the community's welfare. In it character is formed for better or for worse. Here womanhood is strengthened in purity, and manhood purified into strength. The new century is to guard its hearthstone as a vestal flame. The relations of the people to the Roberts case proves the sacredness in which the community holds the family as a social institution. Whoever, in the new century, lays his hand upon the home in any other act than in the act of benediction is himself to be accursed by the vote and the voice of the American people.

The church, too, is to remain as a moving force. Whatever name it may bear, the essential element in the church is to be lasting. So long as man remains man, so long will the elements for which the church stands remain a lasting part of humanity. When wrong-doing bears no blush to the cheek and no remorse to the conscience; when right doing arouses no sense of approbation; when death ceases to be death and mysteries mysterious; when religious imagination has no part in human character—then the church will cease to be. But so long as man yearns to know the unknowable and to fathom the mysterious, so long as conscience gnaws and shame stings, and so long as death lives, so long will the church, as a supreme and superb element of human character, survive. The church will change its form. It will bear diverse names. It will, however, above all else, become more of a united church in the new century. Isms will cease. Denominations will be joined together. But the essential church, whether it bears the name of Catholic or Protestant, will remain a mighty power among the American people in the twentieth century.

The school and the college will, however, in the new century gain a relatively higher place than the church will come to occupy. People may differ as to the function of ecclesiastical foundations, but they are agreed as to the place of education. For what is education, and who is the educated man? The new century will affirm that the educated man is the man who sees clearly, who reasons accurately, who weighs evidence correctly, who controls passion, directs desires, purifies affection, and whose will, obedient to itself, follows the guidance of enlightened reason. So long as civilization remains, so long will the school and the college, as the ministers of these supreme elements of human character, remain to perform their supreme functions. The school-teacher is not only abroad, but he is abroad on horseback. He is a commander, and he is in the next century to command with an authority strongest and worthiest. This authority will belong to the common school and to the private. It will also belong to the institutions of higher learning. When humanity comes under such control the millennium approaches.

But the newspaper and the book are also to be a commanding influence in the new century. The book is a permanent influence in civilization. The newspaper is a new influence, but it is also to become permanent. In the new age we shall have newspapers of a great variety. Individualism in the daily literature will prevail, as it does in all life. We shall have great newspapers, publications which shall declare what are the great doings of the last twenty-four hours or of the last seven days. We shall also have great interpretative papers, which shall select and comment upon the significance of events, and which shall relate fact to fact. We shall also have newspapers in which the financial relation is less significant than at present. The financial relation is, and must be, a condition, but it should

occupy a less prominent place as the final cause and purpose of the existence of a paper.

The fifth, and last, point of our national Calvinism relates to society itself. The relation of man to man, and the influence of man over man, will become, if not greater, at least possessed of the higher elements of being. The principles which underlie the association of men with men will become purer and nobler, and the application of these principles to the ordinary doings of life will be guided by the supreme principles of righteousness and graciousness.

Therefore, in the new century we may look forward to the prevailing influence of the family, the church, the school, the newspaper and the book, and society. These five principles will be more influential in the enlightenment of the race than ever have been the five points of the Geneva scholar.

Oliver J. Thwing.

## Wanted—A Little Patience.

It is difficult to speak in moderate language of the complaints that are being made in various quarters from various kinds of people about the alleged failure of our colonial policy in Porto Rico and the Philippines. We are told that our rule over these islands has been disappointing and disastrous, that we have not kept our pledges, that our administrators are inefficient and corrupt, and that the inhabitants of these regions are no better off than they were under the domination of Spain.

Only the other day a prominent magazine writer gave it out as his solemn opinion, based on personal investigation, that our officials in the Philippines are more corrupt, arrogant, and tyrannical than were the officials under the Spanish régime. To cap all this false and foolish talk, we have a long diatribe from a certain Spanish paper, published in Mexico, telegraphed over this country, in which we are told that "the future of the peoples in the new possessions of the United States is very dark." This is followed by a glowing dissertation on the lovely and benign character of Spanish rule, and of the wealth, happiness, and prosperity that went with it. There is much more in this strain with reference to Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and, to clinch it all, a quotation from Aguinaldo himself, to the effect that the Spanish government was "one hundred thousand times milder, more benevolent and sincere than that which began with the vile and infamous duplicity of Admiral Dewey."

No intelligent person expected that under the most favoring circumstances our American administrators would be able, in a year and a day, to revolutionize the social, industrial, and political conditions of several millions of people, and to uproot and remove evils which have been the growth of centuries of misrule.

Prevailing conditions in Porto Rico and the other islands may not be as good as some expected they would be at the end of the first eighteen months of American occupation, and some lines of policy adopted by our government may be open to honest criticism, but it is childish to assert that in so brief a time a sufficient test could be made of American rule to warrant these charges. Admitting that some grievous and unnecessary blunders have been made, will any rational person believe that under Generals Henry and Davis in Porto Rico, Generals Ludlow, Lee, and Wood in Cuba, and Generals Otis, Lawton, MacArthur, and others in the Philippines, such hideous cruelties, such merciless oppression, such studied and systematic extortion, would be permitted or practiced as were common through all the centuries of Spanish misgovernment? To assert that our administrators are no better than the De Castros, the Jumeñas, and the Weylers, who robbed, tortured, and massacred the people of these islands for so many years, is to assert what is palpably unjust and untrue. It is not surprising that Spaniards and Spanish sympathizers, with whom the wish and the thought are akin, should make such assertions, but common sense, to say nothing of a decent respect for the American name and the honor of our nation, should be sufficient to keep American citizens from uttering or giving currency to such false and foolish statements.

Our government is making an earnest and conscientious endeavor to extend the highest benefits of American rule to the people of our new possessions, and is sincerely desirous of promoting peace, happiness, and prosperity among them. It has given the best possible proof of its intentions by sending out as its administrators and representatives in these islands some of the ablest, most distinguished, and most noble-minded citizens that America has produced. There is not a shadow of doubt that in as brief a time as it can possibly be done under existing circumstances a new and better order of things will be established in these islands, that our pledges will be kept, and the acquisition of this new territory by our government be fully justified. The change will not be fully accomplished this year or next, nor probably in several years to come; but only persons of shallow and ill-balanced minds will expect that this Rome will be built in a day, or that our government is endowed with the power of a miracle-worker.

All that the situation demands on the part of our own people, as well as that of the residents of these new territories, is the exercise of a little of that patience and forbearance which characterize the conduct of intelligent persons in the ordinary affairs of life.

## A Renomination Well Deserved.

THE consensus of opinion among Republicans in the State of New York is distinctly in favor of Governor Roosevelt's renomination. His honesty, industry, and integrity have been questioned by no one, nor could they be. He is entitled, therefore, on his record to a renomination, and there is no reason why that fact should not be conceded as promptly and as fully as Republicans concede the renomination of President McKinley. Many district conventions in this State called to elect delegates to the State convention adopted resolutions favoring the renomination of President McKinley, and there is no reason why they should not have favored the renomination of Gov-

ernor Roosevelt also. If it is the purpose of the party leaders to renominate him, there is no reason for delaying a positive and public declaration to that effect. The Albany Journal says that the State convention recently held was called for the purpose of electing delegates to the Republican National Convention, and not to consider other matters, but we observe that that convention went aside from its principal purpose and proceeded to elect a new Republican State committee, something far more unprecedented than would have been the indorsement of Governor Roosevelt's claims. Republican newspapers which praise the record of the Governor and then serve notice that it is too early to voice the general expression in favor of his renomination, put a very small estimate on the intelligence of their readers if they believe that the public is deceived by such peculiar tactics. The friends of Governor Roosevelt now have timely warning that if they desire his renomination they must set to work at once to compel it. Let them lose no time in the undertaking.

## The Plain Truth.

ONE of the justices of the Supreme Court of New York, Judge Beekman, points out in a recent decision that aggregations of business enterprises under one control have become one of the economic features of the day, and must be accepted as such. A stockholder of the Wagner Palace Car Company tried to enjoin the transfer of that company to the Pullman company on the ground that the combination would create a monopoly. Judge Beekman holds that the plan of liquidation and the consideration to be paid for the property were reasonable, fair, and adequate; that they in no way involve any restraint upon others from freely engaging in the same kind of business, and therefore do not create a monopoly. He points out the contention of the defendants that the chief merit of the proposed absorption of the Wagner by the Pullman company would be a reduction of administrative expenses, which would benefit the public as well as those immediately interested in the property, and ultimately would tend toward a reduction of charges for the services rendered. The opinion of Judge Beekman is thoroughly sound and conservative. No other decision could have been reached, unless the court were to concede that corporations have no rights, and that the unreasonable prejudice against them deliberately inspired by political demagogues is justified by the facts. Corporations are only aggregations of individuals, and it will be a bad day for the people when the courts do not deal as justly and equitably with one as with the other.

The New York Sun has unearthed a Congressional scandal, small in size, perhaps, but none the less serious in nature. It relates that Congressman J. D. Richardson, of Tennessee, as chairman of the Committee on Printing, in 1894 reported in favor of the publication by the government printing-office of a public document containing the messages of all the Presidents and, subsequently, of a resolution authorizing him to do the work of compiling. This work was so much sought after that a number of resolutions were introduced in Congress providing for a more generous public distribution of the volumes. But, while most of these resolutions were side-tracked and failed, somebody secured an amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, in 1897, authorizing the public printer to make and deliver to Congressman Richardson, without cost to him, duplicate electrotype plates of the book. The estimated cost of these plates to the public printer was \$3,600. Congress good-naturedly granted this extraordinary request, and the Sun says that a firm, made up of Congressman Richardson, Ainsworth R. Spofford, Assistant Librarian of Congress, and James S. Barcus, of Terre Haute, Ind., is now selling the book to the public for its own profit, and advertising that if a private publisher were to undertake to publish it the volumes would cost not less than a million dollars to produce. The Sun adds that the agents of Mr. Barcus pretend to represent Congress in the distribution of the book. Our contemporary refers to this feature as "a scandalous imposition." The whole story reveals a very serious condition of affairs at Washington, and raises a question as to whether the interests of the public or the personal interest of members of Congress are first being considered by the law-makers at Washington. An investigation seems to be in order.

Our well advised, conservative, and experienced correspondent in the Philippines, Mr. Sydney Adamson, whose letters from Manila and whose admirable drawings have attracted general attention, makes a few observations in a personal letter to the editor, which we commend to the careful consideration of those who, without a real knowledge of the situation in the Philippines, are wasting sympathy on the Filipinos. Mr. Adamson writes us:

Senator Beveridge's speech is excellent—by far the best thing I have seen anywhere on the subject thus far. He is still not emphatic enough upon the unutterable folly of treating the native officers in the present style of flattery and attention. The natives imagine that this consideration arises out of fear. If the United States trusts the government of a single province to any Filipino in that province, there will be trouble. He will oppress the people, rob them by direct threats and underhanded blackmail, and his justice will be a mockery. The introduction of Filipinos into public office will have to be done very gradually; three generations will have to pass before the natives will begin to comprehend that they are dealing with a people who can detect the difference between lies and truth, and who will ultimately crush all attempts at treachery. Manila is full of native officers, from generals to lieutenants, who have surrendered and are being treated as if they were civilized white men on parole. Everywhere I am getting absolute proof of their continual treachery. They are smirking and bowing at the palace in the morning, and plotting their hardest against us in the evening. The policy of petting and pampering these Filipinos is very mischievous, for the conceit which they develop is abnormal. Tyranny and cruelty are in their nature. Dishonesty and misuse of power have been set as their examples for centuries. Can you wave the stars and stripes over such men and change them in a day? The sooner this silly sentimentalism about a free people is overcome, the better. What they need more than freedom is an acceptance of obedience to the laws of an advanced civilization. The Tagals have not the faintest conception of justice, law, or order. Even the so-called educated ones are only slightly cultivated savages. Under their rule violence, robbery, and anarchy would prevail. They would be resisted by nearly all the other tribes. They know nothing of the laws of health or sanitation, disease runs riot among them, and they are untidy and unclean. If all the "antis" in the United States could be sent over here to live in Manila or in the native villages, they would realize that these people are utterly unfit to establish or maintain any kind of a decent government of their own, unless after years of education at the hands of a civilized people. It will be a surprise to me if, as soon as the rainy season begins and the roads become impassable, we do not have a formidable reorganization of the rebels and a great deal of nasty work to do over again.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—“NANNIE” SAMPSON’S wedding at the Boston Navy Yard, which took place on the evening of April 5th, was one of the



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S DAUGHTER, RECENTLY MARRIED. Photograph by Chickering. Copyright, 1900.

most brilliant naval weddings ever celebrated in the historic old house of the commandant of the Boston yard. The marriage of “Nannie” Sampson to Ensign Wat Tyler Cluverius makes the fourth marriage in Admiral Sampson's family to Southern naval officers. Ensign Cluverius comes from New Orleans, and is a fine type of the Southern gentleman. He was one of the junior officers of the *Maine* when that vessel was blown up in Havana harbor, and during the war with Spain was attached to the *Scorpion*, where he distinguished himself in many ways. Miss Sampson was attended by her little niece, Miss Marjorie Smith, daughter of Lieutenant Smith, United States Navy, and she was given away by her distinguished father. Lieutenant Tompkins, United States Navy, was best man, and a large number of army and navy friends graced the occasion by their presence. The presents were many and costly, most of them coming from naval officers, friends of the groom, and girl friends of the charming bride.

—Charles H. Allen, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who was selected by President McKinley to be the first Civil Governor of Porto Rico, under the provisions of the new law just passed by Congress, is a native of Lowell, Mass., where he was born in 1848. He was graduated from Amherst, and has had an excellent training in public life, having been a member of the Lowell school board and of both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, and also of the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses. He became Assistant Secretary of the Navy two years ago, when he succeeded Mr. Roosevelt. He is interested in a Lowell bank,



CHARLES H. ALLEN, FIRST CIVIL GOVERNOR OF PORTO RICO.

in a paper factory and a wood-preservative concern, and his business career has been successful. At first, because of family and business reasons, he was strongly averse to accepting the appointment which the President tendered. His salary as Governor of Porto Rico is \$8,000 a year and the use of a furnished executive mansion. Mr. Allen has visited Porto Rico and Cuba, and is the personal friend of General Davis, the military Governor, and it is confidently anticipated that his administration will be successful from the outset.

—The fact that Mrs. Kingdon, the mother of Mrs. George J. Gould, sailed recently on the *St. Louis* for Paris, to visit the Countess de Castellane, is sufficient proof that there is no serious disturbance of relationships between the Goulds and the Castellanes. Mrs. Kingdon expects to remain in France at least a month, and perhaps six weeks, and during that time will be the guest both of the countess and of her mother-in-law, the Marquise de Castellane, a woman of rare culture and refinement, as might be expected in a descendant of one of the oldest families of the French nobility. The marriage, during her visit to this country, made no stronger friend than Mrs. Kingdon, unless there be an exception in Mrs. Russell Sage, who always speaks of her in terms of the highest praise. The friendship of the marquise and Mrs. Kingdon finds a common centre of interest in the Countess de Castellane, to the one through marriage, and to the other through orphanage, for it is well known that for many years Mrs. Kingdon stood almost in the capacity of a mother to the then Miss Anna Gould, when, after her graduation, she became a member of her brother's family. It was while acting as her chaperon during a yachting voyage that Mrs. Kingdon almost lost her life in a hurricane off the Bahama Islands, the storm being so violent that for three days the party despaired of ever reaching land. Just after this trip Miss Anna Gould sailed for Paris and spent the winter with Miss Reed, Mrs. Paron Stevens's sister, and it



MRS. KINGDON.

was then and there she met the count. Mrs. Kingdon is very fond of Paris, being a lover of fine pictures, and thoroughly enjoys society and travel. She has strong artistic tastes, and is fond of reading. She likes out-of-door life and good horses, but amid all the various claims on her attention Mrs. Kingdon perhaps finds her greatest delight among her grandchildren, Kingdon, the eldest, and her namesake, being decidedly her favorite. On her return from Europe, and after visiting several old friends in England, Mrs. Kingdon expects, about the middle of June, to go for the summer to Furlough Lodge, Mr. Gould's shooting-box in Delaware County, where she will pass most of the summer with her grandchildren, while Mr. Gould and his wife go abroad.

—The great golf tournament recently held at the Atlantic City Country Club was the most important yet seen in this



FINDLEY DOUGLASS, THE AMERICAN GOLF CHAMPION.

country. Naturally, this was due to the widespread fame of the three leading participants, namely, Harry Vardon, the open champion of Great Britain, who played against the best ball of America's two leading amateur champions, Findley S. Douglass and Herbert H. Harriman. These formed the trio of experts which drew to the Northfield links, some eight miles from Atlantic City, a vast army of enthusiastic golfers from all over the country. The banner day was Tuesday, April 3d, when the three golf heroes played the handicap. The match was for thirty-six holes, and was won by Vardon, who gave a marvelous exhibition of golf by nine up and eight to play. One of the surprises of the event was the excellent playing of ex-Champion Findley Douglass, who totally outclassed his partner, Harriman, and shared in some of the honors and applause of the British champion. The individual scores were as follows for morning and afternoon: Vardon, seventy-seven and seventy-nine; Douglass, eighty-five and eighty-eight; Harriman, ninety-two and ninety-five. The Northfield links were pronounced by Vardon to be the finest and best he had played on during his American tour, saying they compared most favorably with the celebrated courses of Great Britain. Our accompanying illustration shows one of the characteristic poses of Findley Douglass, caught during the match, just after one of his magnificent left-hand drives.

—It was a happy thought which led a noted firm of florists to name a new rose originated by them this season after one of the fairest of the many fair women for whom Kentucky is noted. The Virginia Rosalie Coxie rose is said to be a wonder of beauty and fragrance, its color being a brilliant red, similar to the celebrated Princess Bonnie. Mrs. Coxie, the lady who has been thus honored, comes of a distinguished ancestry, one of them being the famous John Randolph, of Roanoke. Mrs. Coxie is herself a cultured and gifted woman, and as a writer and composer has become widely and favorably known. Her home is at Crescent Bluff, a beautiful country-seat just west of Knoxville, Tenn., on the Kingston road. Here Mrs. Coxie entertains her friends in sumptuous fashion and with genuine Kentucky hospitality. One of her most recent guests was Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the well-known author.

—There are, at present, four young dukes of the British realm available for military duty in South Africa, and three of them are serving with the soldiers of the Queen in Boer-



THE YOUNG DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, WHO MARRIED MISS VANDERBILT.

land. These are the Dukes of Roxburgh, Westminster, and Marlborough, and the stay-at-home is the Duke of Manchester, who was recently in this city. The Duke of Norfolk, premier duke of Great Britain and Postmaster-General, is now en route to the front to serve with the Sussex Yeomanry, which he helped to organize and to put on a war footing. Americans are naturally most interested in his Grace Charles Richard John Spencer Churchill, ninth Duke of Marlborough, for he is the step-son of an American lady, the present Lady William Beresford, widow of Louis Hamersley, and of the eighth Duke of Marlborough, and he is the husband of Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of William K.

Vanderbilt, and the only American duchess. He is a captain in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, and was one of the first peers to volunteer for the front upon the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry; and he has equipped and taken out with him, entirely at his own expense, a detachment of Woodstock men for duty with the Imperial Yeomanry. The duke went out with a very small kit of effects, with no personal attendants, and announced his intention of “roughing it like the rest.” If there is any fighting in his neighborhood it is a pretty safe venture to say that he will have something to do with it.

—No one who has ever enjoyed the hospitality of the Ancient Savannah Artillery was surprised to hear that it was too much even for our gallant Admiral Dewey. It was too much for President Arthur when he made his famous visit to the Garden City of Georgia, and it has been too much for every Northern visitor who has been the recipient of the courtesies of this famous Southern club. The Savannah Artillery is the second oldest military association in the United States, Boston having the first. The Hon. John E. Ward, now of New Jersey, was its former captain, and he will be remembered especially as chairman of the convention at which Buchanan was nominated for the Presidency. A peculiarity of the entertainments provided by this military organization is a punch known as the “Artillery” punch. It is a seductive mixture of brandy and champagne, served as cold as ice, with a few strawberries serenely floating about the top. In its workings on the inner man it is the most insidious, deceptive, and entangling concoction ever labeled with the name of punch. The mere fact that Admiral Dewey was indisposed after a visit to the Savannah Artillery, therefore, need not occasion surprise.

—In a spirit of enterprise as characteristic as it is commendable, the Philadelphia *North American* has undertaken to send a message of sympathy to President Krüger, signed by no less than 28,000 school-boys of the Quaker City. In addition to the “message” itself, with the signatures, the *North American* will also cause to be placed in the hands of the sturdy “Oom Paul” a big album, nearly two feet square, containing 500 leaves, on which are pasted clippings about the South African war from nearly every paper of consequence in the United States, that Mr. Krüger may see what the press of this country has to say about him and his cause. The agency selected for the conveyance of this precious material to the Boer capital is an American district messenger-boy of New York, known on the street as No. 1534. The lad's full name is James Francis Smith. He is sixteen years of age, a healthy, well-built, manly, and spirited young American. He was chosen, after a careful test from nearly 2,000 boys, as the one best fitted by his training, character, and record, to carry the message to Krüger. When asked what he would do if the British soldiers attempted to stop him on his way to Pretoria, he replied, promptly: “I would appeal to the American consul for protection.” Asked, again, what he would do if, on reaching South Africa, he found President Krüger had been taken to St. Helena, he said: “I would follow him to St. Helena.” Young Smith started on his journey of 12,000 miles by the American liner *St. Louis* on April 11th, with an enthusiastic send-off at the pier from a large crowd of New York and Philadelphia messenger-boys and school-boys. He will go by way of Paris and the Suez Canal, and expects to reach Pretoria the latter part of May.

—No one among the many scions of English nobility now at the scene of conflict in South Africa has a more famous lineage and the promise of a more brilliant future than Lord Settrington, who accompanied Lord Roberts to South Africa as a member of his staff. Lord Settrington is a grandson of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and heir, after his father, to the dukedom, one of the largest and richest in the United Kingdom. Four generations of this historic family are now in existence, the venerable Duke of Richmond himself, now in his ninetieth year; his son, Lord March; his grandson, Lord Settrington, and the baby boy and heir of the latter. Like most of his progenitors, Lord Settrington has a strong leaning toward a military life, and has held for some years the position of captain in the third battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and he was for some time aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts when the latter was commanding in Ireland. The prospective duke has a lovely country home at Preston Hall, in Kent, and is highly popular among all classes.



LORD SETTRINGTON, A TITLED ENGLISHMAN, WHO HAS GONE TO WAR.



MAFEKING, THE LAST TOWN BESIEGED BY THE BOERS, CAUSING GREAT SUFFERING AMONG ITS ENGLISH OCCUPANTS.



LOVE AND WAR—A WEDDING IN MAFEKING DURING THE HARDSHIPS OF THE SIEGE.



FREE DISTRIBUTION OF SOUP TO THE IMPOVERISHED PEOPLE OF KIMBERLEY. EIGHTY-FIVE HUNDRED QUARTS WERE DISTRIBUTED DAILY.



THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN LIVED UNDERGROUND DURING THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY, RUSHING INTO SHELTER WHENEVER THE DANGER SIGNAL WAS GIVEN.

### BESIEGED BY THE BOERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE PERILS AND PRIVATIONS OF THE ENGLISH IN KIMBERLEY AND MAFEKING WHILE SURROUNDED BY HOSTILE BOERS.—[SEE PAGE 330.]



THE HANDSOME ATHLETIC TEAM OF THE ST. THOMAS A. C. CLUB, NEW YORK.  
J. S. Kinlay, New York.



THE FAMOUS MALL, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, AFTER A STORM.  
C. H. Ritz, New York City.



(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) "AN APRIL FOOL!"—Durffe D. Pittenger, Cayuga, N. Y.



DEAD FILIPINOS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—Charles Wold, Seattle, Wash.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAVIES, AT HIS DESK IN THE ALBANY, N. Y.,  
CAPITOL.—Alfred H. Gunn, Albany, N. Y.

## OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—NEW YORK WINS.

[SEE SPECIAL PARIS EXPOSITION AND BICYCLE AMATEUR CONTEST ON PAGE 337.]

## A NEW CYCLE OF CATHAY.

FREDERICK W. SEWARD ON THE WONDERFUL UNFOLDING OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE EAST.)  
SECRETARY HAY'S MASTER-STROKE

(Written for "Leslie's Weekly" by the Hon. Frederick W. Seward, Assistant Secretary of State under President Lincoln.)

THEY were three weary travelers, bronzed and bearded, who landed "where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles." As they strolled through the Piazza di San Marco, their curious attire attracted attention. They were clad in the richest of silks and furs, but cut and worn in so outlandish a fashion that passers-by turned to look, and children ran after them. They were strangers, yet the city seemed familiarly known to them. They spoke Italian with fluent ease, and even paused sometimes to inquire if any one remembered old Nicolo Polo, or his brother Maffeo, or his son Marco, named after Venice's patron saint.

They had marvelous tales to tell—tales of years of travel and adventure in lands far away to the East whose very names were unknown to their hearers. Traveling merchants though they were, they had talked with kings and emperors—and sometimes had themselves been raised to princely dignities. They had amassed wealth, lost it, and gained it again. They told of wondrous fields of strange plants, cultivated with more care than the gardens of Italy; of ingenious mechanical devices that no European had ever heard of; of treasures of gold and silver that were incredible; of rubies as large as pigeons' eggs, and diamonds worthy to be a king's ransom. They told of the strange dress, manners, and customs of the people who lived in these lands of the rising sun, of their flowered robes of silk and shoes of satin, of their shaven heads and braided hair, their paper umbrellas and fans, their villages of house boats, their palaces of pleasure, their feasts of lanterns and gorgeous processions of ceremonial state, of their intricate carvings and gigantic images, their startling paintings and deafening music, their banners of red devils and flying dragons!

The Venetians were accustomed to "travelers' tales," and could make allowance for exaggeration, but those "monstrous fictions" were too much for their credulity. They shook their heads, lifted their eyebrows, and laughed. Of course the silks and furs, gems and carvings, and gold money round and square, had to be believed in, for the Polos had brought specimens of these along with them. But as for the rest—the fairy tales of "Cathay" and "Cipango"—all those were mere fables of exuberant fancy! The Polos loved to talk, but the Venetians, after the novelty had worn off, soon found the story tiresome, and as for the tedious narrator, probably,

"Soprano, basso, and even the contralto,  
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto."

It capped the climax when the Polos mentioned that the great Emperor would like to have the Pope send a hundred learned men to his court, to compare notes with Eastern sages about art and science. It was declared to be irreligious to even ask the holy father to listen to the lying tales of such adventurers, and, besides, what learned doctor of Pisa or Padua would leave his books to go on such a wild goose chase?

However, the Polos were undeniably rich, and when Venice went to war with Genoa, Marco Polo fitted out his own galley and joined the fleet of "valiant Doge Dandolo." But in this enterprise he came to grief. He was captured and carried to Genoa, and locked up in the Doria dungeon as a prisoner-of-war. Here he had plenty of time on his hands, and fortunately was allowed writing materials. So he sat down and laboriously dictated or wrote out from his note-book the story of his travels. He bequeathed it to his countrymen and to posterity, by whom it was accepted as a romantic jumble of nonsense, and laid away in libraries as one of the curiosities of literature. So for five hundred years thereafter Marco Polo had the unenviable distinction of being considered the champion liar of all Christendom.

Time went on and the world rolled round, for people now had learned that it was round and did roll. Traders and misquarries explored the East. Ships went cautiously round the Cape of Good Hope and found their way through the Indian Ocean and the Red and Yellow Seas. By the time this nineteenth century of ours was opening, enough was learned about China and Japan to show that Marco Polo was a veracious narrator, after all, and that his stories merely recounted what he had seen or heard.

Then a new wonder arose. How was it that the passing centuries wrought such changes in Europe—changes of faith and works, of principalities and powers, inventions and fashions—while they left China practically unchanged since Polo's visit there, five hundred years before?

There could be but one explanation. China had stood still while Europe had moved on. China, in the thirteenth century, had attained a high degree of education in science and art. Remote, vast, and self-supporting, she wanted no outside instruction or intercourse. She was content to remain as she was. Europe, spurred by national rivalries in war and trade, in art and science, in politics and polemics, had been engaged in continual strife, but through all her contests had made rapid progress in arts and arms, ideas and deeds. She had overtaken China, passed her, and now, in turn, was leading the van of enlightenment. The civilization of China was stationary. That of Europe was active and progressive.

Within our own time it has been a source of amusement that the Western nations should be regarded by the Chinese as "outside barbarians." But it is equally amusing to the Chinese philosopher or statesman to hear us describe China as only "half-civilized." Both those errors are now to be corrected. But the European civilization is not merely progressive—it is aggressive. It has been seeking to extend its trade, if not its dominion, to the very ends of the earth, and to bring all lands under its influence. To the Chinese, desiring only to remain as they were, that was naturally perplexing.

Their neighbors of the island empire of Japan (Marco Polo's Cipango) had like institutions of government and similar habits and customs. But they were fewer in number and more open to outside influences. When, in 1854, Commodore Perry in-

duced them to throw down the barriers between them and the rest of the world, and to make a treaty of amity and commerce with the United States, they were quick-witted enough to perceive that they, too, had something to gain in the exchange of products and of knowledge. Their rapid advance since that time has been the world's marvel. They have seemed ready to adopt whatever they found in our ways that was better than their own, while adhering to all of their own customs that they found better than ours.

At all this China looked on, apathetic and indifferent. But in the later years of the century she has had a rude awakening. The Western nations, and even her despised neighbors, through modern science, had gained enormous power for warlike use by land and sea. Harbors, forts, concessions, and even provinces were demanded of her at the cannon's mouth. She could spare much and hardly miss it, but it was not pleasant to be gradually disintegrated and swallowed piecemeal.

One Western Power, and one only, asked nothing of her but peace and trade and friendship. Naturally, she regarded that Power as her friend and counselor. Naturally also, the other Powers regarded the United States with respect and courtesy, especially after the Spanish war demonstrated their strength in Eastern waters.

That was the situation presented to the administration of President McKinley. Secretary Hay improved the opportunity with great tact and sound judgment. He began and carried to a successful issue the negotiations by which the United States were admitted to equal rights and privileges with the most favored of other Powers. The long-closed door at which diplomats had hammered in vain slowly and reluctantly opened—but opened it was, at last!

It seldom happens that any diplomatic arrangement will give equal satisfaction to all nations concerned. Yet such seems to be the case now. The Americans are pleased with it, because it gives them the benefit of the advantages possessed by other Powers, and without risk or expense. The British, French, Russians, Germans, and Italians are pleased with it, or they would not have acceded to it. The Chinese have every reason to be pleased with it, since it looks toward peaceful trade instead of forcible seizure.

The "open door" will remain open. Through it Americans and American products will enter China, and Chinese ones will come out, slowly at first, but afterward in greater volume and with increasing confidence. No man can now predict what will be the magnitude of the commercial development and progress, or the social and governmental changes that may come to China and to the world at large through that "open door." One thing is certain: It marks the ending of an old and the beginning of a new "Cycle of Cathay."

FREDERICK W. SEWARD.

MONTROSE-ON-THE-HUDSON, April 2d, 1900.

### Mafeking and Its Defenders.

A REMARKABLE SIEGE—THE LONG DEFENSE OF MAFEKING—COLONEL BADEN-POWELL AND HIS CAREER.

WHEN the history of the South African war comes to be written there will be no chapter in it more replete with stirring incident, heroic action, and notable and gallant deeds than that recounting the siege of Mafeking, the little border town on the Mololo River, about 100 miles north of Kimberley. Here Colonel Baden-Powell, with a force of about 2,000 men, one-half of them being native colonial troops, withstood for more than five months the repeated assaults of the Boers who surrounded the town. The siege of Mafeking actually began on October 15th, 1899, and was led by General Cronje in person until that able chieftain went down to Kimberley to oppose the advance of the British under Lord Methuen. The siege was conducted with great valor on the part of both the besiegers and the besieged, and was marked with a number of desperate and brilliant engagements.

The Boers kept up a continual bombardment of the town, and many buildings were wrecked, and several women and children lost their lives in this manner. Bomb-proof huts and other shelters were constructed for the troops and the non-combatants, and in most cases the latter lost their lives through careless exposure. A large number of the shells which the Boers fired into the town did not explode, and partly for want of other diversion the soldiers and the townspeople opened a lively trade among themselves in these grim mementoes of the investment. As early as January 1st ninety-four-pound shells were selling for the equivalent of \$40, a seven-pound shell for \$10, and a five-pounder at \$1.50. One-pound steel-capped Maxim shells were considered a rarity, and were quoted in the bomb-proofs at \$15 each.

The shells, however, did sometimes explode with fearful results. One which wrecked the premises of the local chemist in December killed a native in such a manner that bits of him were found over a widely distributed area, and in the case of a member of the Protectorate Regiment his legs were picked up upon the roof of a building in which he had been loitering, and in which the shell burst. During the latter part of the siege the garrison and the people suffered much from lack of proper food. Nearly 500 sheep and goats and 157 cattle were captured by the Boers at one time, and many other sheep, goats, and cattle were killed by the shell and rifle fire. This depletion of the food supply, and other natural causes working in the same direction, finally brought the besieged to that desperate strait where they were compelled to eat horseflesh and other things still worse.

Some dread diseases caused by the privations and lack of nourishing food also broke out and carried off numbers of the people. Several attempts were made by the troops under Colonel Baden-Powell's command to break through the lines of investment, but the greatly superior forces of the Boers frustrated these efforts, and many lives were lost on both sides. The most

disastrous and fiercely-contested engagement during the siege took place at Game Tree, a fortified place a mile and a half from Mafeking, on December 24th. The garrison had been subjected to a persistent rifle- and artillery-fire from this point for several weeks, which had prevented them from utilizing the rich pasturage which lies between Game Tree and the town.

With a view to securing the advantages to be derived from possession of the intervening areas of the *veldt*, of breaking the cordon of the enemy round the position, Colonel Baden-Powell organized a general attack at dawn upon the Tree. Captain Vernon, of the King's Royal Rifles, and Captain Fitz Clarence led the attack; Captain Lord Charles Bentinck, with a squadron, held the reserve upon the left, which was under the command of Colonel Hore, with Major Panzera and the artillery in position upon the extreme left. The railway runs to within a few hundred yards of Game Tree, and an effort had been made to repair the line where it had previously been blown up by the enemy, in order that the British armored train, under Captain Williams and twenty men of the South African Police, with one-pounder Hotchkiss and Maxim, might move out to a point parallel with Game Tree in protection of the British right flank. The entire operations on the British side were under the command of Major Godley, while Colonel Baden-Powell and his staff, Major Lord Edward Cecil (chief staff officer), Captain Wilson, and Lieutenant Hanbury Tracey watched the direction of events from Dummie Fort.

As soon as the advancing force was well within sight of the intrenchments at Game Tree it was seen that the Boers held a practically impregnable position in a high walled fort, and the charge became not unlike that of the famous Six Hundred into the valley of death. Within 300 yards of the fort it was almost impossible for any living thing to exist, and the rush of the bullets across the zone of fire was said to be like the hum of myriads of locusts before the wind. The gallantry of the effort, the admirable steadiness and precision with which the attack was delivered were comparable with the most heroic deeds in the annals of warfare. Captain Sandford was killed early in the engagement; Captain Fitz Clarence fell with a bullet through his leg, but sat up and waved his men on. Captain Vernon was shot through the body, but rallied his strength and pressed on until he thrust his revolver through one of the loop-holes of the fort and died there, covered with many wounds.

A number of other officers came to their death at the ramparts, and finally, when the order came to fall back, but few were left of all the gallant band who had sallied out from Mafeking in the early morning. It was a sad afternoon in the little town when the Red Cross ambulances came in, bringing back the wounded, the dead, and the dying from the field. At a later occasion a body of picked men from Colonel Baden-Powell's force crept out upon the Boer intrenchments at dead of night, surprised the enemy, and killed thirty of them with the bayonet before they retired. Several reconnaissances were made with the armored train manned with British troopers, and some effective service was done in this way in holding the Boers in check.

Of Colonel Baden-Powell, the heroic leader of the British at Mafeking, a whole volume might be written. He is undoubtedly one of the most interesting personages in the British service. He is known throughout the British army as a dashing, versatile, and resourceful officer, a desperate fighter, and a popular leader of men. In a campaign against the Matabeles some years ago he earned the sobriquet of *Impeesi*, meaning "he that creeps about by night" from his (to them) uncomfortable habit of scouting alone among their strongholds during the hours of darkness, and gaining thereby much valuable information. An insight into his character is given in the words he once penned: "Don't hurry: patience gains the day."

It was his motto when his value was first tested as a leader of local levies on the west coast of Africa under Sir Francis Scott, in the campaign against Prembeh, King of Ashanti. "Softly, softly, catchee monkey," was the native saying he laughingly adopted then, and he buoyed himself up with the philosophical reflection, as he puts it, that "a smile and a stick will carry you through any difficulty in the world." The colonel has many accomplishments based on natural gifts. He can wield the brush and pen as well as the sword. He is a first-rate artist, chiefly in black and white, but has no mean knowledge of color, and he is ambidextrous, can draw with either hand—a rare power. His fluency as a writer of good, vigorous English is well known from his books, of which he has written several—technical, sporting, and professional.

A notable figure in Mafeking during the siege was Lady Sarah Wilson, a sister of Lord Churchill, and a gifted and brave woman. She was a prisoner in the hands of the Boers for a time, but was finally exchanged and returned to Mafeking, where she did splendid service in nursing the sick and wounded. Among the notable men with Colonel Baden-Powell, and who shared with him the perils as well as the honors of the defense, were Lord Edward Cecil, a son of England's prime minister; Colonel Hore, Lord Charles Bentinck, Major Vyogen, Major Anderson, Major Godley, and Captain Fitz Clarence, all men of high social connections in England, and with brilliant military records.

L. M.

### Rivaling the Roman Coliseum.

THE Pan-American Exposition, which will open in Buffalo just about a year from now, will have a novel and most attractive feature in its vast Stadium, where an athletic carnival will be given. Next to the famous Coliseum of Rome, the Buffalo Stadium will be the greatest athletic exposition building ever constructed. It will seat 25,000 persons, and every seat will command a perfect view of the vast interior. It will have a quarter-mile track and a place for an exhibition of automobiles in operation, judging live-stock, horses, agricultural and road machinery, and so forth. The Stadium will cover ten acres of ground. Another attractive feature will be the Electricity building, which will be 500 feet long, 150 feet wide, and cover an area of 75,000 square feet. The ornamentation will be brilliant in colors and the display of electrical devices will be the greatest the country has ever seen. The exhibition is intended particularly for the products of the American continent, but foreign nations are taking great interest in the event.

## An Awful Famine.

**MILLIONS STARVING TO DEATH IN INDIA—MISSIONARIES FIND MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN DEAD IN THE FIELDS—A CRY FOR HELP—WHERE TO SEND IT**

The famine area in India is about 350,000 square miles, and extends over the central, south, and northwestern provinces. No pen could describe its awful horrors. Some of the things proved by photography are too realistically horrible to be reproduced in any publication, and we only print a few of the less frightful photographs taken by the missionaries, because many have not believed that such an awful condition could exist in this century of plenty and prosperity. Emaciated beyond belief, the starving natives crawl to the house of the nearest sahib, usually a missionary, to crave food; but 60,000,000 mouths have to be fed. Fifteen dollars a year will feed a Hindu, yet even this pitiable allowance is not to be had. The causes of the famine are the failure of the crops, the refusal of the native princes to allow their hunting jungles to be converted into fertile agricultural regions, and the mysterious disappearance of a special famine fund of \$100,000,000, collected by the government after the famine of 1877.

The Hindu is a strict vegetarian. The low-caste Hindu is a fatalist. So, when famine stalks abroad, the Hindu submits uncomplainingly. Day by day he will subsist on less food, until at last, when a mere shadow, he will drag his bony self to a relief station. There he may get food—or he may not. If not, he crouches in some corner, or out in the fields, under God's trees, and awaits the coming of death.

The majority of the victims are women and children. Once that famine knocks at the door, these helpless beings are doomed. Their support—father or brother, or other male relative—unable to further earn his miserable three cents a day, begins by selling his cow; then come the few silver trinkets of the women, then the wooden parts of their wretched dwellings, then their clothing, then—when hope has already fled—the naked wretches, half dead, tottering along in agony, drag themselves to the nearest relief station. On they go, beneath a pitiless sun, dropping exhausted, to be devoured by vultures or wild dogs ere even life is extinct. Three-quarters of all those who start thus for succor die—the balance lives, perchance, until another visitation plays further havoc with them and theirs. Twenty million human beings died from hunger in 1897. God alone knows what the fearful record will be for 1900—the last year of the most "civilized" century of history!

In order that there can be no accusation of sensationalism, the following instances and the sources from which they emanate are quoted: Mrs. J. C. Lawson, an American missionary in Aligarh, northwest provinces, writes: "We found one widow with two children—a girl of two years and a bright little boy of six. She was trying to sell the girl for two rupees (sixty-five cents). She had no food for them, and believed she must die anyhow, but that the price of the girl would enable her and the boy to live a little longer." Mrs. M. B. Fuller, another missionary, writes from Viramgaum, in Gujarat: "More than a score have died already in front of the (mission) house, and hundreds have died on the way." Alfred Harmsworth, the editor of the London *Daily Mail*, who was present at feeding-time at a relief station at Moosebagh during the last famine, says, in part:

It was noon and food time, and the poor wrecks were drawn up in two long lines, squatting, crouching, propped up against walls or stones or neighbors, with great bony heads falling forward on ribbed chests. Many had become gibbering, slaving idiots. They had crawled in from their remote villages, fifty, a hundred, three hundred miles off. Wrinkled mites and their guardian skeletons—the women and babes! Brahmin assistants brought out the food. Such youngsters as were able chattered and clamored as the thin cakes of bread were handed around. The men received eight, the women seven, the bairns five, and the babes milk and sweetmeats. A great kite swooped down out of the hot sky and took a morsel of bread from the hands of an old man, who forthwith blubbered piteously!

The accompanying photographs were taken by missionaries of the *Christian Herald*, which is again doing noble work for the afflicted. In 1897 it collected \$50,000 and enough food to fill a steamer, for the famine victims. Now, Dr. Klopsch, the owner of the paper, is again collecting money and food products. The Indian government has placed a steamer at his disposal, and as soon as the cargo is completed the vessel will start for Bombay. America owes it to her reputation to respond nobly to the cry for help, and all those desiring to aid so worthy a cause should forward their mite, either to F. H. Wiggan, treasurer, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, or to the *Christian Herald*, New York City. One dollar will support a poor starving creature in India for nearly an entire month. Let every one help a little bit, and do it quickly.

### Appalling Suffering Described by Dr. Abbott.

The following letter from the Rev. Dr. Abbott, who speaks

from personal experience, gives a graphic idea of the sad situation of the famine-stricken people of India:

Editor *Leslie's Weekly*:

DEAR SIR:—The appeal in behalf of the famine sufferers in India, which you kindly published in your issue of March 17th, met with a sympathetic response from many of your readers. That response materially increased the amount of money that F. H. Wiggan, Esq., treasurer of the American Board, at Boston, to whom contributions can be sent, has been able to cable to the missionaries who are giving themselves up to the relief of the famine-stricken. I trust you will allow another appeal, for with every week the famine grows with intensity. Five million suffering human beings are now on government relief works, and that number is being added to by 300,000 a week. At least 25,000,000 more are near starvation, fighting for very life by every means they know how, and, as their resources grow less, are growing weaker in body, and many are being found dead by the roadside—dead because they have had nothing to eat.

The question is often asked as to whether the government of India is doing what it can to save the people. The best reply, perhaps, is the promise, on the one hand, of Lord Curzon on behalf of the government, that not a man, woman, or child shall die if they can help it; and, on the other, the testimony of missionaries and the native press, that the government is doing nobly in its strenuous and sympathetic efforts to save life. The method adopted is the result of experience gained from past famines. Large relief-camps are formed, numbering up to 10,000 souls. Work is given them as the basis of relief to prevent their utter demoralization. This work may be the digging of ponds, making channels for water, making embankments, or where such work is not possible, they are set to crushing stone, with little hammers, for macadamizing the roads. Little huts of matting are made for them when possible—scant shelter, however, for the chilly nights in their clotheless condition.

With each camp is a poor-house, where all the infirm, aged, and those temporarily too weak to work are freely fed. A kitchen also, where the hundreds of children receive food, and a hospital where the sick are attended to. At these relief-camps the government takes all who come. The wage is necessarily low—two cents a day—just enough to support life. The grain merchants have their stores around these camps, and the people buy from their hard-earned money. The wage is very low, but it has been made low to prevent a rush of people that would utterly overwhelm every organization the government could command. As it is, it is taxing every power of the government to care for the five million, which is the largest number of human beings any government has ever tried to care for in the history of the world. But while life is saved even at these camps, there is a vast amount of suffering that goes unrelieved. From statistics which I have received a camp of 10,000 has about 900 infants and 2,600 other children. The children fare well in the kitchens, but the infants, improperly nourished and scantily taken care of—for their mothers must work—waken into pitiable little skeletons, and many die. One of the most heartrending sights is that of weak women toiling all day in the terribly scorching sun, with fingers bruised by the false strokes of their hammers, trying at the same time to still the cries of their babies for food they cannot get.

At the hospitals of these camps the saddest sights are to be seen. The people put off coming to the camps too late. They do their best not to fall on public charity, but yield at last, and by the hundreds, in all stages of emaciation, arrive at the camps. Some arrive in sight of food only to die. Here also are the deserted skeleton children that the officials find here and there, and bring to the shelter of the camps. But the suffering of the camps is but a small part of the total suffering in the villages, where the people are in wonderful patience struggling on, living somehow, turning into skeletons, dying. Childhood is suffering most pitifully, from the insufficiently-nourished infants to the emaciated youths whose sole thought is food. The number of deserted children is very rapidly increasing. The Marathi Mission, belonging to the American Board, cabled on the 29th of March that they were prepared to take 2,000 such children if their support could be guaranteed.

There are two months yet before the rain brings a partial relief, and six months before the harvest, and the distress grows darker with every week. Your readers will bear with me when I say that we with an abundant wealth have not helped that suffering people as we might, but the opportunity is fortunately still open. Missionaries have largely closed their usual work and are giving themselves up to relieving suffering with such money as is sent them. They have the organization to use a great deal more than they have yet received. They are prepared to take to their sympathetic care and provide homes and education for thousands of the deserted children if only American sympathy and money will help them to do so. The 2,000 orphaned and deserted children that the Marathi Mission is ready to care for make their mute appeal to the children and parents in America's beautiful homes. Where, indeed, amid all the needs of humanity could wealth find a happier opportunity than to take these 2,000 little ones and give them the care and training that will turn them into useful men and women? As a guide to givers, the following will show how far a little money goes:

One dollar will feed twenty men, women, and children for a day.  
Five dollars will feed more than a hundred hungry children.  
Ten dollars will help a company of 200 people to go to a government relief camp for work.

Twenty-five dollars will furnish cheap garments for fifty women or seventy-five blankets.

Fifty dollars will rescue from starvation and support fifty children for a month.  
Twenty-five dollars a year are needed for the permanent support and education of orphans, deserted children, and widows. Sums for these permanent scholarships should be specially designated as for the scholarship fund.

Money may be sent to F. H. Wiggan, Esq., Treasurer of the American Board of Missions, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.  
Yours, JUSTIN E. ABBOTT.

### Terrible Distress in Bombay.

THE HINDUS FEED THEIR CATTLE AND LET THE PEOPLE STARVE.

BOSTON, April 21st, 1900.—The American Board of Foreign Missions has received from the Rev. Robert A. Hume, D.D., of Bombay, India, a special report concerning the famine in India. Dr. Hume was born in Bombay, and has spent twenty-six years there as a missionary. He says:

Many things have conspired to make the condition of Bombay more distressing than I have ever known it. First, famine prices prevail. The wages of a laboring man are now inadequate. Multitudes, who still have steady work, are living on one meal a day, and spending nothing for clothes. Second, owing to the hard times, many mills have been closed and tens of thousands have been thrown out of employment, and are, of course, in extreme want. Crowds of distressed people come streaming into the city. Any who have friends or acquaintances here live on them as long as possible until there is nothing left. Strangers, who have no friends, have encamped in every open and available spot, rendering even public gardens and the finest streets offensive with their unwholesome habits. Third, two virulent epidemics, plague and small-pox, have been for weeks wasting the city. If the present death-rate should continue for a year one hundred and fifty thousand persons will have been carried off in this city of eight hundred thousand inhabitants.

In a great city like Bombay, if anywhere, there should be food enough for the hungry, but even here people are daily starving to death: three or four times of late dead bodies have been found near our own gate. Work of any kind, and for a mere pittance, is gladly undertaken. Some boys, who formerly were pupils in one of our schools, are employed in carrying stone. For every twenty-five trips, when a load of stone as heavy as a lad can carry is taken about one hundred yards, he receives a quarter of an anna, or one-half a cent. By working hard he can earn two or three cents a day. There are many who are too feeble to work, or for whom employment cannot be found, whom we have to aid. Women and little children are especially fit objects of charity. It is our desire this year again to save at least two hundred orphans, and had we the means, we might rescue a thousand. Those who wish to help the distressed and to save the children need not wait for opportunities which God is pressing upon us.

The Hindus regard their cattle, especially cows, with superstitious reverence, and have done more to save them than to preserve human life. Recently a large tanning firm at Cawnpore sent an agent to Ahmedabad. He not only purchased hides, which were to be had in large numbers, but after a good deal of difficulty hired from a Mohammedan a piece of land for a slaughter-house and arranged to purchase cattle for from three to six rupees, i. e., one to two dollars, apiece. The whole Hindu community was roused with indignation, and efforts were made to have the slaughter-house closed. The merchants went on a strike and closed their shops, but the slaughter-house continued until its manager was induced by the payment to him of 5,500 rupees to close it.

Wealthy men have subscribed large sums which have been used in purchasing and feeding cattle which otherwise would have died. In one of the cattle-pens at Ahmedabad thirteen hundred poor and disabled animals have been collected. From our standpoint it would be an act of mercy to end the miseries of these poor creatures, but the Hindu regards it as most meritorious to save animal life, even if it be the prolongation of misery. In the city of Bombay the "Society for the Preservation of Animal Life" is a most flourishing organization, and has an invested capital of more than \$466,000. Efforts have been made in vain to get this society to use a part of this large sum for the benefit of the starving people. Tens of thousands of poor, half-starved people are begging in the streets of Bombay. To all this misery the wealthy Hindu merchants are giving scant attention, but they are more industrious than ever in feeding pigeons, and gathering into their infirmaries all kinds of poor and distressed animals.

### One of Nature's Curious Products.

Few substances known to science and art have a history as curious and interesting as that of amber. The fact that electrical phenomena may be developed from it by friction was early discovered by the people of Eastern countries, and because of this wonderful and mysterious property amber was regarded with superstitious awe and veneration, and endowed with supernatural powers. Fabulous tales were related of the manner in which it was formed and the remarkable occurrences connected with its use. Even to this day, in some parts of Asia, collars made of amber beads are supposed to be a preservative against secret poisons and a counter-charm for witchcraft and sorceries. Amber was also specially valued among the ancients for use as jewelry and for carved ornaments, and some of the rarer and more beautifully tinted kinds brought enormous prices. For these reasons and others it is not surprising to learn that a great amount of curious lore has grown up around the subject of amber in the course of ages—legends, fables, romances, and tales of wonder and mystery. An American gentleman, Mr. W. Arnold Buffum, who has given much time and study to the subject and has made a valuable collection of amber specimens in different countries, has written a delightful little book embodying the results of his researches, under the title, "The Tears of the Heliades; or, Amber as Gem." It first appeared in London, where it attracted so much attention that it ran through three editions. An American edition, elegantly printed and illustrated, has just been issued in New York by G. P. Putnam's Sons. A more thoroughly charming and entertaining book it would be hard to find.

### To Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing, except the name and address of the sender, should appear on the back of the photograph, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

The Paris Exposition.—During the Paris Exposition LESLIE'S WEEKLY will devote a page or more, at intervals, to a special display of photographs taken on the exposition grounds by amateurs. The best photograph, from the standpoint of originality, interest, and artistic merit, at the close of the contest, November 1st, will receive a special prize of twenty dollars, and for each photograph accepted two dollars will be paid on publication. Entries should be marked: "For Paris Exposition Amateur Contest." See general directions.

\$10 FOR THE BEST BICYCLE PICTURE.—In June we will devote a page or more in our amateur prize photographic contest to unique, newsy, and original bicycle pictures sent by amateurs. The prize-winner will receive ten dollars, and for each of the other accepted photographs two dollars will be paid. Entries must be received by June 1st, and should be addressed to "Bicycle Photograph Contest." The same regulations as in the other contests will govern.



GRAVE-DIGGERS EMPLOYED BY E. M. GORDON, AT MUNGELI, TO BURY PERSONS FOUND DEAD.



A WOMAN WHO DIED OF STARVATION AND WAS ROBBED OF HER FEW GARMENTS.



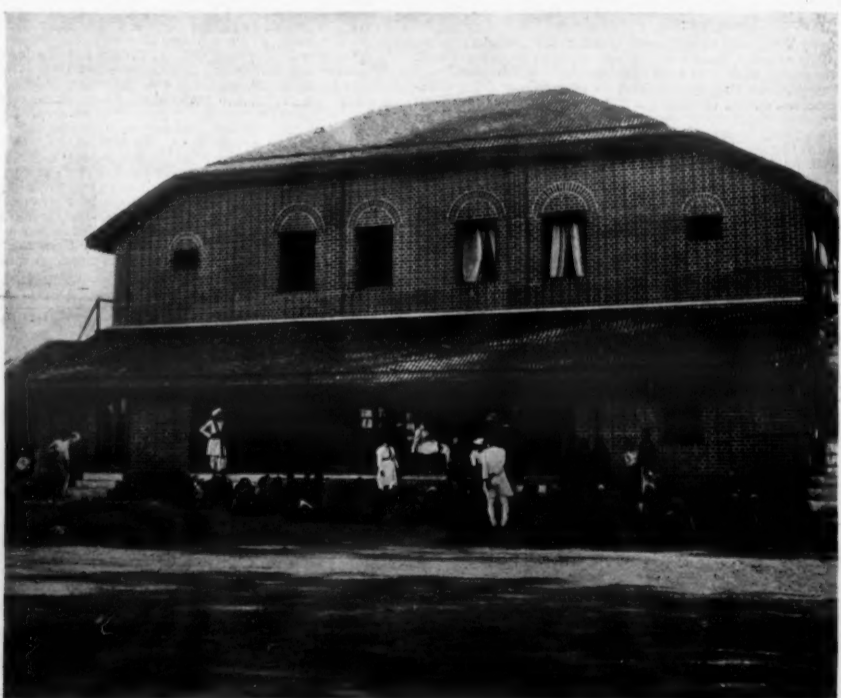
A FAMINE-STRIKEN MAN LYING DEAD IN A FIELD



STARVING CATTLE COLLECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT AT AHMEDABAD.



BURNING THE DEAD FROM THE GOVERNMENT FAMINE POOR-HOUSE AT AHMEDABAD—FIFTEEN BODIES ON THE FIRE—DAILY DEATH-RATE, TWELVE.



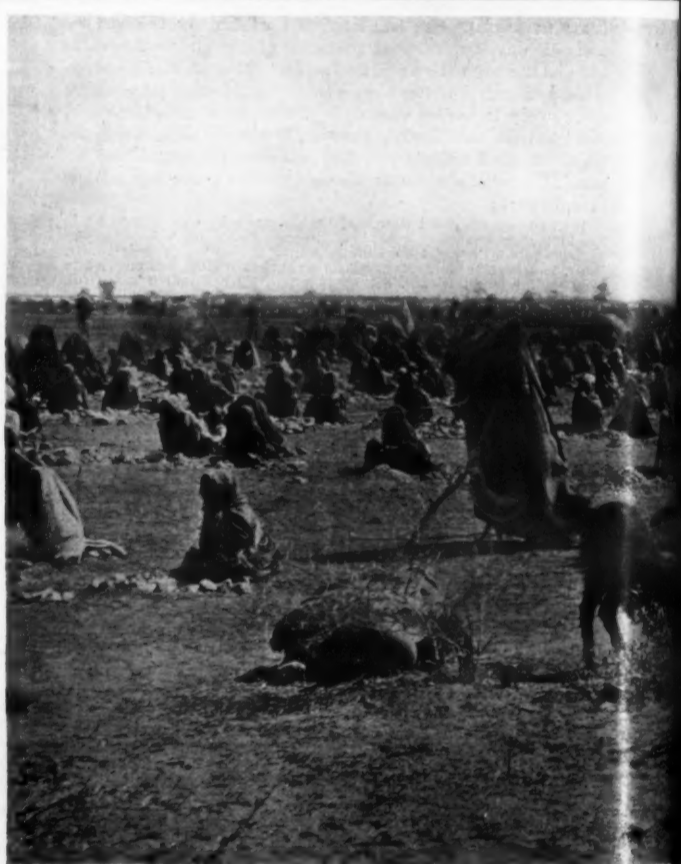
FEEDING THE STARVING AT THE MISSIONARIES' BUNGALOW, AHMEDABAD, IN MARCH.



STARVING BABES AND CHILDREN IN THE FAMINE POOR-HOUSE AT NAGAR.



STARVING MAN, WHO DIED FIVE MINUTES AFTER THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN, IN FRONT OF A RELIEF CAMP HOSPITAL.



THE RELIEF CAMP AT WADALE, WHERE MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN ARE FED.



FAMISHED MEN AND WOMEN EMPLOYED IN CARRYING EARTH FOR THE KAPURWADI CAMP WORKS.

## THE HORRORS OF THE AWFUL FAMINE IN INDIA

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN STARVING TO DEATH BY THE MILLION—DESPERATE EFFORTS FOR THEIR RELIEF—THE HORRORS OF THE AWFUL FAMINE IN INDIA



STARVING IN THE STREET



A PART OF THE KAPURWADI RELIEF CAMP.



THE FAMINE POOR-HOUSE AT AHMEDABAD. CONTAINING 1,400 INMATES, WITH A DEATH-RATE OF A HUNDRED A WEEK.



FAMINE POOR-HOUSE AT NAGAH, WHERE THE DECREPIT AND WEAK ARE FED.



ARE FED AT AN EXPENSE OF TWO CENTS A DAY EACH.



FAMISHING WOMEN BREAKING STONE AT THE RELIEF WORKS.



FAMINE VICTIMS FALLEN HELPLESS IN FRONT OF THE POOR-HOUSE AT AHMEDABAD.



STARVING WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND MEN, WAITING FOR FOOD AT THE AHMEDABAD POOR-HOUSE.

L FAIN INDIA GRAPHICALLY PORTRAYED.

THEIR MESSING CRY FOR HELP.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MISSIONARIES AND SENT TO "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 337.]

## The Hardships of a Siege.

HOW THE DIAMOND CITY OF KIMBERLEY WAS DEFENDED FOR FIVE MONTHS BY THE BRITISH.

Up to six months ago the city of Kimberley, South Africa, had no special interest nor significance for the world at large, except as the centre of the largest and richest diamond field in the world, the home of many modern "kobinoors," and the place where some vast fortunes had been made in less than a day by lucky finders of the most precious of all precious stones. With some it had been associated with the later fortunes of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, that remarkable personage, who, in his various capacities of statesman, pioneer, mine-owner, promoter of railroads and other commercial enterprises, has doubtless done more to develop South Africa and in the process of it to get himself more ardently admired and cordially hated than any other man who ever lived in that country.

But during the past few months something other than the sheen of diamonds or the glittering personality of Cecil Rhodes has attracted the eyes of the world to the city on the plain of Alexandersfontein. For here one of the most notable and thrilling chapters in the present war in South Africa has been written—a story of heroic deeds, of noble self-sacrifice, of patient endurance, of sorrow, suffering, and death.

Kimberley, like Mafeking, being not far from the borders of Boerland, was one of the first towns in the British territory to get its baptism of fire. The diamond-mines promised rich booty to the invading Boer army; and equally tempting, perhaps, to the Boer leaders was the person of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, regarded by them as an arch-enemy, whose capture would give more satisfaction in the Transvaal than the seizure of any thousand other men. Mr. Rhodes happened to arrive in Kimberley a few days before the Boers surrounded the town, and to his presence there was owing in some large measure both the stubborn resistance and the equally stubborn investment which followed.

On October 18th, 1899, the railway running south from Kimberley 730 miles to Cape Town was cut by a squad of Boer cavalry, and from that date until February 15th, 1900—122 days—the "diamond city" had no communication with the outside world except such as it could get occasionally by way of the heliograph, or by the more effective search-light which a local genius fitted up on the top of a lofty derrick at the De Beers mines.

In the town when the siege began were only about 600 regular troops, including four companies of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, a detachment of the Black Watch, and one of the Royal Engineers. The rest of the defenders were made up of residents, citizen soldiers, who literally fought for their hearths and homes. Altogether there was a body of 46,000 people, soldiers and non-combatants, women and children, to be protected, fed, and cared for during all those long and weary days. The regular troops were under the command of Colonel Kekewich, a veteran soldier, and did their part nobly and well. Several sorties were made by them during the siege, and in one of these, on November 26th, Major Scott Turner and twenty-one men lost their lives. The Boers cut off the water-supply of the city as soon as they could, blew up all the forts and other things they could reach, and kept up an almost constant bombardment, wrecking many buildings in various parts of the city and killing some people and many animals.

Notwithstanding the fact that President Krüger had put a price on Mr. Rhodes's head—300 acres of land and a full stock of cattle—that gentleman managed to retain his cheerfulness and his masterful grip on affairs all through those trying days. It was owing largely to his liberality and energy that a famine was averted and many lives saved. He caused relief work to be started, on which 13,000 men were employed, at a cost of \$10,000 a week. He offered the women and children of the city the shelter of his mines, and 2,600 of them went down into the deep levels. He caused food, clothing, and hospital supplies to be distributed with a free hand. Notwithstanding all this, provisions became scarce and dear. Early in January chickens cost five dollars apiece, and eggs thirty cents each. Before the siege was over many were glad to get enough horse steak and mule-tenderloin to satisfy their hunger.

It was with great joy, therefore, that the news was received on February 10th that Lord Roberts was coming up in swift and overpowering array to the relief of the beleaguered city. And when, five days later, the British cavalry under General French dashed out into the plain beyond the town and on into the city, the pale women and children came up from the mines, soldiers and citizens thronged the streets, flags and other decorations were hung out, and there was great rejoicing.

## Notes for Visitors to the Exposition.

If going abroad it is always best to take a passport; although one is not necessary in France, it is often useful in case of admittance to public buildings, or should one's identity be required.

The first thing to do upon arriving in Paris is to register at the American consulate, and it is well to know that the hours are from eleven A. M. to two P. M. The hours of the American bankers are from ten A. M. to four P. M.

All postal money-orders from foreign countries, made payable at Paris, must be cashed at the general post-office.

If uncertain of one's address, letters with G. P. O.—general post-office—Paris, will be found at the general post-office. Letters for foreign countries should be posted before six P. M. at the general post-office, instead of at branch offices. There are eighty-five branch offices—*bureaux de poste*—in the different districts of Paris; they are open from seven A. M. till nine P. M. Boxes for the posting of letters are also to be found at most public buildings and at tobacconists' shops, where stamps (*timbres-poste*) and post-cards (*cartes postales*) can be purchased.

A telegraph-office is found at nearly all branch post-offices, which are open till nine P. M.; at the Bourse the telegraph-office is open all night. The tariff for telegrams, for any part of France, is five cents per word; for Great Britain, twenty-five cents per word, and for New York sixty cents per word—that is, for cablegrams.

There is communication by telephone with all parts of Paris

from most of the post-offices; the charge is fifty cents per five minutes. There is also communication by telephone with Marseilles, Lyons, Havre, and Brussels.

Upon engaging a cab, ask the driver for his number. This ticket will be of use in case of any dispute. A cab hired in the street for two persons is forty cents per hour from six A. M. to 12:30 midnight; from that hour till six A. M., fifty cents per hour. There is no charge for small parcels taken inside the cab; for a trunk or large parcel the charge is twenty-five cents each. A few sous—*pourboire*—will be expected by the driver. Any article forgotten in a cab should be asked for at the *prefecture de police*, 2 Quai du Marché-Neuf, from ten A. M. to two P. M. Any complaint should be referred to the guardian stationed at every cab-stand, or to a policeman.

The hours for religious services are as follows: American Episcopal Church, 19 Avenue de l'Alma, eleven A. M.; Church of England (Episcopal), 5 Rue des Bassins, near the Arc de Triomphe, eleven A. M.; English Roman Catholic Church, 50 Avenue Hoche, seven and eleven A. M. and four P. M.; English Congregational Chapel, 23 Rue Royale, 11:15 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Wesleyan Methodist Church, 4 Rue Roquepine, eleven A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Among places of interest, the following are the most important:

Bibliothèque Nationale—the National Gallery—daily ten A. M. to four P. M.

École des Beaux-Arts—the School of Fine Arts—daily ten A. M. to four P. M.

Jardin des Plantes—the Botanical Garden—daily, but Tuesdays and Fridays are the best days.

Palais de Justice—the Palace of Justice—daily, Sundays and holidays excepted.

The Louvre—daily, except Monday, nine A. M. to five P. M.

Catacombs—first and third Saturdays of the month, by special permission from the *prefet de Seine*.

Tomb of Napoleon—Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, twelve M. to three P. M.

Pantheon—daily, except Monday, ten A. M. to four P. M. To visit the dome an order is necessary from the Administration des Beaux-Arts.

Notre Dame Cathedral—daily ten A. M. to four P. M.

Madeleine Church—daily after one P. M.; no visiting is allowed during services.

Saint Denis Abbey—daily seven-thirty A. M. to six P. M.

Cemetery Père la Chaise—all day.

To Versailles, which is about fourteen miles from Paris, trains and trams run every hour. The palace is within walking distance from the station, and is open every day, Monday excepted, from ten to five o'clock. The first Sunday of the month is the best time to go, because the fountains, which are the most remarkable features of the garden, play from four to five o'clock, the fountain Neptune, which is the most beautiful, playing last. There are numerous fountains, and the cost of the display is \$2,000 each time.

The most interesting parts of the palace are the Historical Museum, the first gallery of which, consisting of eleven rooms, contains paintings illustrative of the history of France, from Clovis to Louis XVI.; the Sculpture Gallery, the Salle des Croisades, the walls and ceilings of which are adorned with paintings relating to the Crusades; the apartments of Louis XIV., and the chapel, which is exceedingly beautiful. The Grand Trianon is fifteen minutes' walk from the terrace of the palace, and, as every one knows, was built by Louis XIV. The Petit Trianon, built by Louis XV., is always associated with the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, who constructed the model Swiss village in the adjoining gardens.

## Life-insurance Hints.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

I AM in receipt of a courteous letter from a gentleman from Chicago, who takes exceptions to what he calls my "peremptory utterances." He says that a large proportion of the life insurance business of the country is being written by old-line, legal-reserve companies in the West and middle West, which include young, live, enterprising, companies in Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Iowa, and other States, many of which show a larger ratio of assets to liabilities than the so-called great companies. My correspondent also calls attention to the fact that the Illinois Life Association, to which I alluded inadvertently as "an assessment concern," was reorganized more than six months ago, under the name of the Illinois Life Insurance Company, as a legal-reserve, old-line company, and that it has a much larger ratio of assets to liabilities than any of the so-called great companies. All this no doubt is true, but I do not agree with my correspondent that prestige and strength in a life-insurance company "depend upon the ratio of assets to liabilities." This fact has much to do with any estimate of a company's strength, but not everything to do. Any insurance expert can make very plausible arguments upon several different bases of relative percentages. One of the most common is the argument my correspondent makes.

The first essentials in an insurance company are permanence, stability, and integrity. A life-insurance policy is much like a financial investment. The investor always wants to know not only the rate of interest he is to get on his investment, but the security behind it—its permanence and stability. Plenty of stocks can be bought on the stock exchange, yielding a profit of from eight to fifteen per cent. on the investment. But careful financiers do not buy these. They prefer bonds of the gilt-edged variety, yielding three and a half or four per cent., because they realize that securities paying abnormal profits must obviously be of doubtful permanence.

The Illinois Life Insurance Company reports 4,614 policies in force and a surplus of a little over \$113,000. It indicates that it is doing a small and profitable business. But, looking over its literature, I beg to disagree with the assertion that small assets can be invested to yield a larger rate of interest than large assets such as are controlled by some of the old companies. This subject I may consider in a subsequent issue.

"Brother," Bennington, Vt.: The John Hancock Company was organized in 1867. Its insurance in force is about \$6,000,000. It stands well.

"H," Danville, Ill.: If the terms of your policy declare it to be incontestable at the expiration of a certain period, and that period has been reached, the policy must be paid in full in case of death.

"F," South Norwalk, Conn.: The Germania is a good company of its class. I would advise you, however, to have an estimate or a proposition submitted from the greatest companies in New York City. It would do no harm to compare them and to choose the one that suits you best.

"B," Rochester, N. Y.: I would not. I think you will find the profits in any one of the great New York companies at the conclusion of your insurable period entirely satisfactory. You know how difficult it must be to judge, ten, fifteen, or twenty years in advance, of the results of financial investments.

"Clerk," Memphis, Tenn.: You can get a life-insurance policy which will be to your own advantage while you live. The policy you speak of, I think, must be what is called the "double endowment" of the Equitable, which provides that at the end of the endowment period you receive twice the face of the policy.

"Professional," Baltimore, Md.: An investment policy in one of the strong old-line companies like the Mutual Life, the New York Life, or the Equitable Life, will, at the expiration of the policy, return you all the money that you put in. You could hardly expect to get the interest also, because meanwhile you have enjoyed the protection of the policy. (3) If an insurance company returned to a policy-holder his payments with interest, where would it obtain the funds with which to pay death losses? I am afraid some advocate of assessment insurance has been misleading you.

## The Hermit.

### A Soldier's Will.

WHEN the Maxims were silent,  
The shells ceased to soar,  
And the sword in its scabbard  
Was resting once more,  
A drummer went seeking  
His drum in the trench,  
With its splashes of crimson,  
Its debris and stench.  
The form of a stripling  
Half over it lay;  
His forehead was bandaged,  
His breast shot away.  
But the point of a bullet  
Had served for a quill,  
And in blood on the drum-head  
Was written his will.

"To the mother who bore me  
With love I bequeath  
All the earthly possessions  
I own at my death.  
My shot-riddled body  
I give to the sod,  
My life to my country,  
My soul to its God."

MINNA IRVING.

## The Dramatic Season.

KLAW & ERLANGER have decided to end the marvelously successful engagement of their great production of "Ben-Hur" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, Saturday evening, May 12th, for the present season. On that date the play will have run just six months and will have been presented 194 times; 400,000 people will have seen it, and the box-office receipts will have exceeded \$450,000. This is the greatest record of attendance and receipts ever recorded. "Ben-Hur" will begin its second season Monday evening, September 3d, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, playing a limited engagement. Subsequently it will be the first attraction presented at the new Colonial Theatre in Boston.

The performance of two dramatizations of "Quo Vadis" constituted one of the episodes of the New York season. It was presented simultaneously at two theatres, the work of Jeannette Gilder at the Herald Square, and Stanislaus Stange's version at the New York. Both were hastily brought out, but each performance was effective. At the New York the cast is especially strong, including Joseph Haworth, Arthur Forrest, with a fine presence, trained elocution, and a thorough understanding of his rôle; Edmund D. Lyons, W. C. Stone, and Roselle Knott. Perhaps the best acting should be credited to Arthur Forrest, for Mr. Haworth's elocution appears strained. Every one who has read Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis" will realize the intense interest of the performance. While there is originality, there are also several conspicuously unique, singular, and striking scenic effects, rivaling the chariot race or the vision of the Master which gives to "Ben-Hur" its felicitous qualities. "Quo Vadis" starts out as if destined for a long run at the New York, judging by the rush to witness the performance.

A great many visitors to New York, whose theatrical Mecca is always the Madison Square Theatre, because of the assurance that a delightful comedy will be found on the programme, have been enjoying "Why Smith Left Home," in which that replica of Tom Reed, Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle, does clever work. The cast is strong throughout, including as it does Mrs. Annie Yeamans, Miss Brandon Douglas, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Miss Anita Bridges, Gertrude Roosevelt, Fred W. Peters, and Dan Mason.

The return of Joseph Jefferson to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in his best and most popular character of "Rip Van Winkle," was made the occasion of an unusual demonstration of affectionate enthusiasm. Many actors have essayed the part, but Jefferson has stood without a rival in it. It made his fame and fortune, and, in my judgment, nothing he has ever done has been done better than this superb characterization, the idealization of Irving's eccentric creation. As long as Jefferson lives he will find the public eager to see him over and over again as *Rip Van Winkle*, and, for that matter, in any other character that he may choose to select, for Jefferson does all things well.

If appreciation of the public taste is genius, then Brady & Ziegfeld, at the Manhattan Theatre, have absorbed some of the divine afflatus, for, with all its obvious weaknesses, absurdities, and immoral tendencies, "Woman and Wine," their latest production at the Manhattan, has "caught on" with the crowd. With Mrs. Leslie Carter in the leading rôle, that of *Marvel*, the adventuress, such a play might make almost as strong and as bad an impression as "Zaza" did. But Miss Elita Proctor Otis is a long way off from Mrs. Carter, and, though she makes Herculean efforts to fill the part, she fails to appreciate the possibilities of the character. The choice of Howard Kyle for the part of *Richard Seymour* was not the best that could have been made, but both he and Miss Otis seem to win the plaudits of the gal-

lery. Perhaps that is enough. Miss Mabel Eaton, Miss Minnie Dupree, Mr. George Osbourne, and Mr. Frank Hatch are a part of the large cast. No fault can be found with the scenic effects, excepting that they are too realistic in presenting features of life in Paris with which the non-traveled American is not familiar. The best thing is the race-course at Longchamps, at the exciting moment of the race, and it constitutes one of several strong climaxes of this very realistic play. A real, live infant, with a sweet, impassive face, one of the best things in the performance, always has a welcome as it casts its wondering eyes about the house. On the opening night, when all the characters of the play were called in front of the curtain, the only missing one was the sweet little baby, an oversight which Joe Howard did not hesitate to characterize as "a blank shame," and it almost was.

The little ones were all delighted over the announcement that Franklin H. Sargent had arranged for the production at the Carnegie Lyceum of a whimsical visit to dreamland and Old King Cole, called "Jack the Giant Killer." The children responded joyously to the invitation to wander into dreamland with the Mother Goose family, and it is a misfortune that such opportunities cannot be offered to them more frequently.

The revival of the "Mikado" at the American Theatre was received with great interest by those who never tire of that most attractive of Gilbert & Sullivan's operatic gems, and their name is legion. Another revival awaited with pleasure was that of "Lord and Lady Algy," with the strong, original cast, at the Empire.

Miss Nethersole, in "Sapho," at Wallack's, continues to draw crowds, and the little spasm of virtue which affected the newspaper men who saw, or didn't see, the play has apparently subsided. I must credit Miss Nethersole with doing good work both as an actress and an advertiser.

"The Casino Girl" is one of the greatest successes that the Casino has had this season, and Sam Bernard, Albert Hart, and Sam Collins are only a part of the many who add to its attractions.

Some of the things that are good enough to last all season are "My Daughter-in-Law," at the Lyceum; "Hearts Are Trumps," at the Garden, and William Gillette as *Sherlock Holmes*, at the Garrick.

JASON.

### Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

SINCE the December crash we have had a notably timid stock market. This shows how badly investors and speculators were crippled. A burnt child dreads the fire, and those who saw their profits in the stock market swept away in a moment during the December smash hesitate to do anything now. Favorable news, that would have advanced everything on the stock list during the booming times of a year ago, is now received with doubt. Everybody waits to see what some one else will do. Everybody is watching to ascertain the effect of new developments before starting in to buy stocks and bonds. Such a market obviously favors the bears, just as conditions, with confidence behind them, a year ago favored the bulls.

Even the best news is hesitatingly received in these times. Two months ago I pointed out the fact that the earnings of the Missouri Pacific justified the declaration of those intimately associated with its workings that it would have a smart advance on the expectation of a resumption of dividends. I am glad to know that a number of the readers of this column, judging by their letters to me, have profited by the rapid advance in Missouri Pacific. It is not often that one is able to analyze a situation so clearly and to gauge conditions as accurately as was possible in the case of Missouri Pacific. Those who are in position to avail themselves of such opportunities are the successful ones on Wall Street. Those who plunge in on mere tips and rumors that are constantly flying about the street, and who have no knowledge of the condition of the properties in which they are investing, usually suffer, for it is a fact that not one out of ten persons who speculate in Wall Street survives its crises.

The purpose of some of the heavily loaded pools to market their securities, and for this purpose to engineer a rise in stocks, is still very clear. Some combinations favorable to a rise are being made. No doubt more than one of the industrials will be benefited by the developments of the coming few months. The success of the movement to consolidate and control conflicting railroad interests will be helpful in several directions. But I still advise my readers to invest with extreme caution, to keep generous margins, and to be prepared to get out of the market with the first approach of the financial storm, which usually is one of the episodes of a Presidential year.

"Y." Larwill, Ind.: I find no rating given it by representative financiers.

"Reader," Morristown, N. J.: This is a local inquiry. I cannot answer it. Consult some local banker confidentially.

"280," New York: Yes, if the market maintains its strength. It is not dealt in on Wall Street, and I can get no trace of its operations.

"New Mexican," San Marcial, N. M.: I do not advise intrusting money with the concern. (2) The Boston chart system is a bait to catch gudgeons. (3) No.

"Chicago Boy," Chicago: Would have nothing to do with the party you mention, or any other party who offers to take your money and share your profits but not your losses.

"Center Avenue," New Rochelle, N. Y.: Cleveland, Loraine and Wheeling preferred is a fair purchase at the price you name. I doubt if it will pay five per cent this year, however.

"B." Jamesburg, N. J.: The securities of the company are not dealt in on Wall Street. You would be safe in taking the statement of some mercantile agency. Any banking friend would secure it for you.

"Inquirer," Kansas City: I certainly should prefer Baltimore and Ohio common to Atchison preferred. (2) I think most of the Pacific stocks, Atchison included, are as high as they ought to be. (3) My preference would be Union Pacific rather than Northern Pacific.

"M. C.," Minneapolis, Minn.: I think well of Texas and Pacific at the price named. (2) I have advised the purchase of Missouri Pacific persistently from 40 upwards. It has been selling altogether too low. Its friends expect it to sell as high as Atchison preferred.

"Aquebogue," Riverhead, N. Y.: If Amalgamated Copper, paying eight per cent, were a gilt-edged investment it would sell much higher than it does. I do not think there is much danger of the company "going to pieces" in a short time. But I think the copper stocks have had their day for the present.

"W." Balto.: The common stock of American Tin Plate represents water, and has, therefore, little but a speculative value. I would get out at the least loss possible, whenever a reviving interest is shown in industrial stocks of its class. There ought to be such a revival before the 1st of June, if we are to have one this year.

"B." Ann Arbor, Mich.: I would not advise a person possessed of a few thousand dollars to take it out of the savings-bank and buy stocks, not even New York Central. (2) New York Central pays five per cent, per annum, or one and one-quarter per cent quarterly. (3) Redmond, Kerr & Co., 41 Wall Street, and Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway.

"Tip," Pittsburgh, Penn.: There has been too much juggling with the steel and iron stocks to make me feel like recommending them. I have no doubt that Steel and Wire ought to sell higher on its earnings, if

its affairs were administered solely in the interests of the stockholders. (2) The report of the Continental Tobacco Company is not as satisfactory as I had hoped. I do not advise the purchase of the common stock at the price named.

"McK.," Washington, D. C.: I think not. It would be affected sympathetically for an advance or a decline. A five-point margin is too small. I do not think the people behind it will support it very strongly. They have promised repeatedly to send it to 20 or 25, but have unloaded at every opportunity. (2) The Atchisons and some of the Pacific will suffer in the next decline. Louisville and Nashville is liable to suffer also. St. Paul will be dangerous to sell short.

"S.," New York: The capital of the Electric Vehicle Company is \$5,000,000 eight per cent., non-cumulative preferred stock, and \$7,000,000 common stock. It was organized to control the electric storage-battery vehicle business, and has several auxiliary companies in other large cities besides New York. Of course its business is still somewhat in the experimental stage. It is overcapitalized and the common stock is not worth what it sells for, excepting from the standpoint of the speculative future. Strong men are in the directorate, but I do not believe in holding the common stock at present prices.

"Reader," Louisville, Ky.: The absorption of the Chattanooga system by the Louisville and Nashville ought to be helpful to the latter. But I do not advise the purchase of Louisville and Nashville for permanent investment. (2) Among the cheap railroad stocks in which speculation is invited I regard Texas Pacific as worthy of mention. (3) Among the cheap dividend-paying stocks, I think well of United States Express, of St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred, and American Ice common. Among the industrials which have possibilities on the basis of large earnings I think International Paper common and Union Bag common must be included. The recent reports of these companies show that they are both earning more than enough to pay good dividends on their common shares, though it is doubtful if any will be declared in the immediate future.

JASPER.

### A Modern Miracle.

THE record of drunkenness is as old as the flood, and from the days of Noah and Lot to the present time mankind has been the butt of Bacchus. Not that I would claim all men are drunkards. There are men who never take a drink of anything stronger than spring-water their whole lives long, and others whom either prudence, economy, or unsociability would keep from becoming even moderate drinkers; but when statistics show us that over 300,000 men and women have been treated at the various Keeley institutes in this country during the past twenty years, one cannot fail to recognize the great prevalence of intemperance. Men do not become drunkards in a day; the disease stage is a matter of development, more or less rapid, according to the temperament of the individual. Friends meet after a parting; they celebrate the event by "treating" each other; one drink calls for another, and they part in a state of intoxication. When a workman gets his salary on a Saturday night he treats his fellow-workmen, and, in turn, is treated by them. Men take a drink before dinner to get up an appetite; and drink during dinner to aid digestion; and after dinner to settle the meal. They take a drink because the weather is cold; or, again, because the day is hot; and, in the end, what began in conviviality becomes a destroying disease. The craving for liquor cannot be stilled. They must begin the day on a "bracer"; and sleep will not come without one or more "night-caps." A man with the craving for drink is incapable of self-control; no sacrifice is too great to get his accustomed supply, and if it can be obtained no other way, even honor itself is sacrificed. When a man arrives at this stage his condition is a disease. Alcoholism, like insanity, is a diseased condition of the nervous system. Alcoholic stimulants so congest the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the victim finds himself unable to live up to his most heroic resolves of reform. The will power he would exercise, if he could, is no longer supreme. He is the slave of the "eye-opener," the "bracer," the "night-cap"; realizing now that they are one and all distilled damnation, but impotent to resist their supremacy over his spirit; and this is as inexplicable to himself as it is inexcusable to his friends.

"What is to be done? Is there no help?" You ask, "Is there no cure?" The Leslie E. Keeley Company, of Dwight, Ill., can answer that question very comfortably. There is a cure, a complete cure, and a humane one. The medical profession, up to the time of Dr. Keeley's discovery, prescribed bromides, gave a few doses of morphine, perhaps, and when the victim was sobered up, gave him explicit directions to stop drinking, well knowing his advice would not be followed. At length, after repeated struggles, followed by failure, they were compelled to resort to the strait-jacket and padded cell for the unfortunate victim of alcoholic excess; the courts passed judgment of fine or imprisonment; while the church advised, remonstrated, disciplined, and finally expelled the offender; all these means and instrumentalities accomplishing little or nothing in the direction of suppressing the so-called "vice."

Dr. Keeley having definitely ascertained the nature and etiology of the disease, brought all his scholarship, scientific skill, and medical knowledge to bear upon the discovery of a cure that would be an absolute specific for all diseases of the nervous system, having stimulants or narcotics for their factors, and, after eighteen years of patient investigation, he announced to the world his wonderful discovery of a reconstructive nerve tonic, which will, in every case, relieve the nervous system of the acquired necessity for alcohol, opium, morphine, or other stimulant or narcotic. The drunkard, he premises, is a sick man, and not a criminal. He should not be subjected to locks, or bars, or padded cells; but given the comfort of a home, and the attentions needed by an invalid. He opened his institution at Dwight, Ill., and began treating the victims of inebriety according to this humane and intelligent method. His success was so phenomenal that Dwight could not accommodate the people who came to seek his aid. So, in order to make it more convenient and less expensive, branch institutes were opened in nearly every State and Territory. These branches are known by the uniform name of "The Keeley Institute," and all obtain the remedy used direct from the Keeley Laboratory at Dwight. The treatment at the parent and branch institutes is identical. The patient is first located in a comfortable home, and four times a day presents himself to the doctor for a hypodermic injection of the Keeley remedy. At his temporary home he takes the medicine prescribed once in two hours. Further than that, he is free to do as he will, whiskey being furnished him by the institute as long as he desires it; but the record is that within forty-eight to seventy-two hours, at longest, after beginning the treatment, he has no further appetite for stimulant of any sort. On the other hand, there is a general activity of the alimentary and digestive organs, and an increasing interest in one's dinner. Sweet, restful sleep comes as soon as the head lies on the pillow. The face loses its haggard or bloated look and resumes a healthy appearance. And at the end of one short month the

patient returns to his pursuits, physically, mentally, and morally a new man.

One hears of the miracles performed in Judea and Galilee two thousand years ago. Those who administer the Keeley treatment claim it is no miracle, but a purely scientific system adapted to the needs of the inebriate. Still the results obtained show that the great discovery more nearly approaches a miracle than anything in modern times.

### A Remarkable Success.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 31st, 1900.—Nothing is more remarkable among the many changes that have crept into this end of the century in England than the growing love for hotel life and its extravagant comforts. But half a century ago, it is safe to say, there were no hotels, as we understand the word, at all in London. In course of time, chiefly through the friendly interchange of nations, Englishmen got over their insular prejudices, and faced the fact that the *hôtel de luxe* was the future home of the coming race. Then began the great springing up of hotels in London, chiefly in the West End, and among several of really great merit *St. Ermin's, Westminster*, stands foremost, and in the very front rank. Its grand front and very roomy court, with a double driveway, point to an equally imposing interior, on the very threshold of which we find evidences of American comfort, together with Continental attention. Beautiful, indeed, is a view from the upper windows, either to the busy and picturesque court beneath, the palm-garden and inviting



terrace, or to the ever-changing picture on the broad street without. Unlike the busy city, there is an absence of heavy traffic here, and, instead, West End turnouts and smart pedestrians lend color to the scene. Our eye meets a kaleidoscope of interesting people, mostly of the best and better degrees in London society. The equally handsome shops in the neighborhood further enhance the variety, and with a little stretch of the imagination we can see Westminster and the Parliament buildings, with all their historical associations, yet free from the noise which is inseparable from Westminster Bridge.

St. Ermin's Hotel is of vast proportions, but the interior is cleverly arranged in sections with a view to privacy, and more especially for families intending a longer stay in England's capital. It is probably the largest hotel in London, and contains a greater number of guests at any one time than any of its huge and important competitors; yet the building is so cleverly arranged, with several separate entrances, as to resemble a private residence, very much like the several annexes of the Hoffman House, the Buckingham, and others. To cite a single instance, for example, there is a chain of dining-rooms which can be thrown together on public occasions of exceptional importance, yet, as a rule, each is made quite separate, thus affording privacy, together with the greatest measure of comfort. The reception and public rooms, the several reading, smoking, and billiard rooms, the parlors, etc., all are arranged on a similar plan, ever with a view to concentration and separation, if need be. And while St. Ermin's compares favorably with its important competitors in architectural advantages, desirable location, and sumptuous arrangements, it is the only first-class hotel in this huge city which has reduced its tariff, both for rooms and the restaurant, several points below the prices prevailing in similar houses. Indeed, it has come down to bedrock prices; and to illustrate this very important feature, let me say that a room and full board, equal in every particular to similar advantages in the Fifth Avenue, New York, will cost half the price at St. Ermin's, with all the attractions of London life thrown in. Considering values in every branch of this huge beehive—a community with over 6,000,000 lives, with additional thousands passing through it daily—it is an exceptional opportunity, indeed, to secure a comfortable room in the most convenient part of London, provided with modern appointments and three meals, for \$2.50 a day. In a future letter I hope to enlarge on this particular feature.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

### If your Brain is Tired Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. T. D. CROTHERS, superintendent Walnut Lodge Asylum, Hartford, Conn., says: "It is a remedy of great value in building up functional energy and brain force."

### An Enormous Industry.

OUR enormous facilities, tremendous output, rapid movement of goods always fresh in the hands of consumers, insures the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the first place in American homes.

### Supplant Coffee.

BELIEF OF A RAYMOND LADY.

MRS. J. T. BARTLETT, Raymond, N. H., says: "I suspected that coffee was the cause of my persistent dyspepsia and terrible feeling of weakness and faintness at the heart. It was hard to give up coffee, but when I got some Postum Food Coffee and learned how to make it properly I quickly obtained relief from the old troubles. The unpleasant sensation of faintness at the heart has entirely gone."

"When I first tried Postum I failed to notice the injunction to boil it fifteen minutes, and so let it boil just a few minutes, as I would coffee. I was disappointed in the flavor, and did not try it again until told by a friend that this was one of the absolute essentials. I have since observed the rule and am entirely satisfied with the drink. It is simply perfect. I believe it to be the beverage of the future, and that it is destined to supplant coffee everywhere."

"One of our business men here has been improved in health by the use of it. No one could wish to return to coffee drinking after properly testing your delightful and healthful Postum Food Coffee."

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



THE CENTRE OF THE MASSIVE MILLION-DOLLAR DAM AT AUSTIN, TEX., CARRIED OUT BY THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOOD.



DESTRUCTION OF THE GREAT POWER-HOUSE AT AUSTIN, TEX., BY THE FLOOD, LEAVING THE CITY WITHOUT STREET-RAILWAY POWER, WATER, OR LIGHTS.



IMPRESSIVE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION, TAKEN FROM A POINT FACING THE EIFFEL TOWER.—*Photograph by Leon Bouet, Paris.*



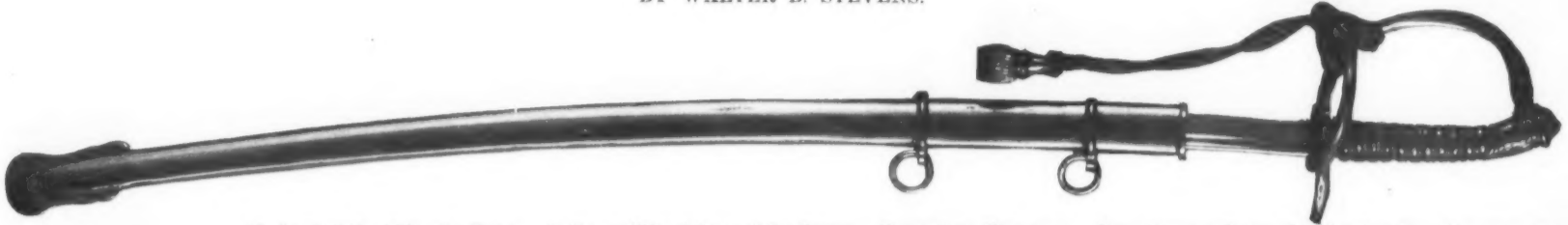
VIEW ALONG THE AVENUE ALEXANDER III, ON WHICH THE MOST NOTABLE BUILDINGS ARE LOCATED.—*Photographed two days before the formal opening, by Leon Bouet.*



THE GREATEST EASTER PARADE NEW YORK HAS EVER KNOWN—ENORMOUS CROWD ON FIFTH AVENUE ABOVE FIFTIETH STREET, JUST AFTER THE CLOSING OF THE MORNING SERVICES—EVEN THE STEPS OF THE RESIDENCES WERE FILLED WITH SPECTATORS.

# THE STORY OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

BY WALTER B. STEVENS.



On April 28th, 1898, the Secretary of War authorized the recruiting of three regiments of cavalry, to be composed of "frontiersmen, who have the special qualifications of horsemen and marksmen." One by Captain—now General—Leonard Wood (succeeded by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt); another by Colonel Jay L. Torrey, the originator of the rough-rider idea; and the third by Colonel Melvin Grigsby.

The rough-rider idea was remarkable in at least two respects—the applause it received from the people, and the sturdy character of the men who composed the three regiments. Since their return many of them have been nominated for office, but it is not yet recorded that a single one has been defeated by the votes of the plain people.

General Miles had officially approved the organization of the rough riders in the following indorsement on a bill drawn by Colonel Torrey and introduced in Congress by Senator Warren:

The services of men whose lives are spent in the saddle as herdsmen, pioneers, scouts, prospectors, etc., would be exceedingly valuable to the government in time of hostilities. They are accustomed to a life in the saddle, most excellent horsemen, fearless, intelligent, enterprising, accustomed to taking care of themselves in bivouac, skillful in landcraft, and as a rule excellent riflemen. Such a force would be a valuable auxiliary to an army.

In all the organization of the army of 275,000 there was nothing else quite like the recruiting of Torrey's Rough Riders at Fort D. A. Russell, in Wyoming. Months before the ultimatum went forth and war was actual, Jay L. Torrey was developing the practical details of his plan. At Washington, where he watched the finish of the bankruptcy legislation, he was in correspondence with leaders of men in five States of the Rocky Mountain country. These leaders, picked by the author of the plan, were spreading the news of it. They were taking down the names of volunteers, picked in turn by them, who "wanted to help to smash the Spanish crown in Cuba."

In the rugged school of experience Torrey had learned the two great lessons of self-reliance and self-control. He wanted men who had gone to the same school. He had a firmly-grounded belief that the place to look for such men was not in the town or on the farm, but on the ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Soldiers were wanted, and wanted more quickly than at any previous time in the nation's history. Soldiers were wanted when there was scant time for the seasoning process. The campaign looked like a mighty dash. It called for men ready to swing into the saddle, able to take care of themselves and their horses, capable of endurance in the field, expert in the use of arms, and steady of nerve for battle. Colonel Torrey believed that the Western country could supply them, and his faith proved well founded.

A self-made man thought out the idea of the rough rider in war. No other could have done it. Self-reliance developed in the individual was the theory on which the regiment was built. Rough-riding in war meant far more than sitting tight on a bucking bronco. In the spring of 1898, when the pulse of the nation was tingling over the *Maine* affair, Jay L. Torrey brought forward his conception of rough riders for the probable war. The idea met with the reception of a happy inspiration. It was welcomed by the administration and by Congress. As the author elaborated his theory its perfect applicability to the kind of war the United States would have to wage if Cuba should be invaded was recognized. There was no counter criticism. There was no amendment or amplification. The plan was complete as it came from the mind of this man. And who was the man? He was known to the national capital as a lawyer. Session after session he had been coming to Washington as a representative of the commercial interests of the country. His mission was to interest Congress to the point of enactment of a bankruptcy law. It had succeeded. The system was receiving the finishing touches. The final steps in the routine of this legislation were being taken when the nation was getting its mind made up to war, and when Torrey, with the perfected law in sight, brought forward his proposition for a rough-rider regiment. From author of the most notable commercial legislation of the present generation to founder of the rough riders in war, seems like a great transition. So it might have been for many. With Torrey it was easy and natural. Massachusetts stock, Illinois birth, Missouri education, and Wyoming life made Jay Linn Torrey. The blood of New England, the training of the Mississippi valley, and the stimulating freedom of the Rocky Mountains produced an American capable in a high and varied degree. "If the war lasts Torrey will either be killed or known from one end of the country to the other," was written of him by a close acquaintance.

A "Piker" is the name proudly worn by the people of Pike County, Illinois, and of Pike County, Missouri. It dates back

to the traditional times of Joe Bowers. From these Pike counties have come a long list of "Pikers," who have borne conspicuous parts in national and state life. John Hay found Tillman True and the heroes of his "Pike County Ballads" in the Pike on the Illinois side of the river. Mark Twain remembered "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" from his early life on the Pike County, Missouri, side. John B. Henderson, whose voice and vote were so notable in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, was "from Pike." Torrey was a twin "Piker," having been born in one and resided in the other. He went to the Missouri State University at Columbia. He supported himself while he studied. He hoed in the field when that was seasonable. He directed wrappers in the newspaper office in the winter time. To this day Jay L. Torrey is remembered at Columbia as a boy with brown hair—plenty of it and that, too, of a stand-up kind; hazel eyes, which looked straight into the eyes of those with whom he talked, and a most pronounced air of self-reliance. He not only earned his living, but from his superabundant energy enjoyed all of university life, from class honors to college pranks.

With a college education and faith in his ability to take care of himself, the student went to St. Louis to be a lawyer. He was bound to and did attend the Law School of Washington University, and was graduated in 1876. His living was earned by carrying newspapers. Acquiring a regular route, he distributed the morning paper to subscribers, collected his accounts weekly, and on the little more than a dollar a day he lived. This meant appearance at the press-room every morning of the seven days in the week at half-past three o'clock, a trudge with the papers in a great bundle to the route, and then a five-mile walk in the delivery of them from door to door. It was contin-

lieve temporarily an elder brother from the cares of management of a large ranch industry. He became interested in horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs. Life on the range enamored him. Torrey had the robust constitution and the mental activity which made ranch management, as a supplement to his work for the bankruptcy law, no burden. He became a ranchman in Wyoming, as well as a representative of the cause of the whole country's commercial interests. This combination of vocations brought Jay L. Torrey, at the age of forty-five, to the conception of the rough riders in war.

If Colonel Torrey had not won the confidence and esteem of those who make the nation's laws, possibly his rough-rider idea might not have taken immediate root, and might not have produced quick results. The prominent men with whom he had worked for years had come to respect his judgment and to admire his character. Colonel Torrey never bored a friend or offended an enemy of his bill. Ordinarily, the man who drafts a bill has an ulterior object in securing its passage and a personal pride in the preservation of its identical form. It was not so with this man. He wished to secure an opportunity for the people to exercise a dormant constitutional right, and had no pride as to form, other than that it should be simple and effective. His was an unselfish work, ably prosecuted. Viewing the work as finished, Senators and Representatives who had most to do with it, generously expressed the opinion that "the commercial and industrial interests of the country—the debtors and creditors of all classes—owe the author a debt of gratitude for the fourteen years' work he did, which they can never pay."

Speaker Henderson, from the opinion he had formed of the author of the idea, and from his own long experience in the field, became one of the earliest friends of the rough-rider proposition. He called with Colonel Torrey on President McKinley. Afterward Senator Allison and General Henderson called with him upon the Secretary of War to urge the adoption of his plan of securing for Western men an opportunity to serve in the freeing of Cuba.

Henry Macfarland's estimate of Colonel Torrey is fairly representative of that formed by the Washington correspondents who have come in frequent contact with him.

"I remember very well," Mr. Macfarland says, "when Jay L. Torrey came to Washington as the president of the national convention representing the commercial and industrial interests of the country and the author of the bankruptcy bill bearing his name; that was something like fourteen years ago. I also remember when he left here to organize his regiment of rough riders for service in the Spanish-American war. The one began a service in behalf of honest debtors and creditors, and the other a patriotic service in behalf of the whole country."

"I have thought of the career of Colonel Torrey as that of which any American might be proud, and as emphasizing the fact that pent up force will always find an outlet. His is a rugged character. Colonel Torrey is forceful, energetic, and persevering, and, in consequence, what he has accomplished is very considerable, and what he may accomplish will only be limited by the time he lives. He is not a brilliant man, as that word is generally understood, but has a plain, common-sense conception of any cause he represents, an accurate knowledge of the difficulties before him, and a reasonable way of overcoming them by straightforward, hard work. To illustrate, he knew that the Constitution provides for the enactment of a national bankruptcy law; that it is the consensus of opinion, in advanced civilization, that an unfortunate honest debtor should be discharged of his financial obligations, and his estate, in excess of exemptions, should be ratably divided among his creditors in accordance with their rights, and that all of the leading countries have bankruptcy laws in force. He knew that by reason of there being no such national law, debtors and creditors were at a great disadvantage in dealings with each other, with the results of the perpetration of fraud, the commission of crime, and the inequitable division of property. When he came to Washington there was great opposition to the enactment of such a law, strange as it now seems, and but little interest in Congress in behalf of one; but he strengthened the national organization of which he was president, and extended it to every State and Territory in the country. He did not work as the lobbyist does, but conducted a campaign of education. When he took up the work bankruptcy literature was very limited and imperfect in character. As his work went on the *Congressional Record* and documents became replete with clear, concise statements of what a bankruptcy law should contain, and of the benefits it would bring to the whole people. His methods were the best possible, and were carried out with a persevering vigor greater than that of any man who has ever been here in behalf of national legislation in the twenty years that I have been familiar with the proceedings in Congress."

"Colonel Torrey did not ask compliments for his measure, but criticisms; and when the latter were received he either answered them fully and frankly, or incorporated the wisdom of them in his bill. There never was brought here a measure so carefully and elaborately prepared as his, or one which from



THE COLONEL, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, MAJORS, AND CHIEF SURGEON.

ued until one morning when, as the carrier came into the office to make his final settlement, the newspaper which he had carried so faithfully contained his name in the list of bachelors of law graduated the day before. A young man who could earn his degree in that way was bound to find clients. And Torrey did. He came up not rapidly but surely. The politicians began to take note of him. In the organization of the militia of St. Louis the qualities of born leadership of men showed themselves, and the young lawyer became lieutenant-colonel, commanding a battalion; then assistant adjutant-general on the staff of the brigadier-general. And all of the time he was advancing at the Bar, and politicians were talking of his availability for this and for that office. Commercial law became a specialty with him. While a student in the law office of Henry Hitchcock, brother of the present Secretary of the Interior, he was elected as assignee in bankruptcy of a man who had absconded. It became necessary in the administration of the estate to secure the evidence of the bankrupt. Accordingly, the assignee obtained an appointment as Deputy United States Marshal, traced the absconder to California, brought him back to St. Louis, resigned his position as deputy-marshal, and, as a lawyer, prosecuted him successfully, secured his imprisonment as a criminal, and recovered the property of the estate. Eleven years after the repeal of that bankrupt law he became impressed with the necessity for the passage of a new law on that subject. Later on he presided at three national conventions, having for their object the favorable enactment by Congress of such a law, and drew the bill which took his name, and was finally evolved into the present law, notwithstanding the violent opposition of a few of the great concerns of the country.

While engaged in the evolution of the bankruptcy law Torrey went to Wyoming to spend a summer vacation and to re-

session to session was made to embody to the same extent all of the wise suggestions made by members of Congress and others interested in the subject in all parts of the country.

"The character of the men who became the friends of the author and championed his bill was a guarantee that he was a man of ability and represented a worthy cause. In the House the bill was introduced in turn by Judge Ezra B. Taylor, of Ohio; General W. C. Oates, of Alabama, and General D. B. Henderson, of Iowa, now the speaker. In the Senate by Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts; Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, and Senator William Lindsay of Kentucky.

"The strength of character and steadfastness of purpose necessary to make opportunities and accomplish results equal to those of this man's career are given to few men. Colonel Torrey has already secured the passage of a great law of national importance, and created a new and strong arm in the military service which proved of great benefit to our army and has attracted the attention of many military leaders. The assertion that the evolution of the rough rider has given to the world a new and an important arm of military service is curiously justified by recent events. It has been illustrated in South Africa. Our war with Spain did not last long enough for complete results. Great Britain has realized the lesson and is acting upon it. Mobility, self-reliance, and marksmanship, the chief qualities of the rough riders, have been exemplified on the side of the Boers. The British are learning dearly that what is wanted is not the slow-moving infantry, but the man who can "saddle and go." On the yeomanry of the island, on the ranges of Australia, on her own horsemen and marksmen of the provinces north of the United States line, the Queen is now drawing for the effective material to meet the Boers."

May 16th Torrey reached the Wyoming rendezvous, carrying from Washington his authority. Telegrams had preceded him as far as the wires penetrated. His ponies had carried the summons beyond. The strangest round-up the ranges had ever known began. From Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming they came, singly and in groups. Every train added to the throng. Almost every hour in the day and the night brought those who had traveled by trail "to join Torrey."

As fast as they arrived they presented themselves at head-

quarters. The colonel asked few questions, but he looked hard at those riders in the rough. His first step was to assort his men. This group he sent to one barracks, and that to another. Numbers grew rapidly until they threatened to overflow the accommodations. Then departures began. Every day men were summoned to headquarters and told that they might leave. Brave men were wanted, not "bad" men. "It is a privilege, not a right, to ride in this regiment," the colonel would say to those summoned. "We can't take you."

Torrey's troopers were selected by a process of exclusion. Six days were allowed for "fermentation." And when the froth had been skimmed and thrown away, Torrey went down to one of the quarters and called a meeting. The men, enough to make a troop, stood up in line. Six days in the same barracks had sufficed for acquaintance. "Are you men willing to go together and make up one troop?" the colonel asked. "Are you?" "And you?" he asked, going down the line and taking each individual's assent by turn. It was a wedding to Mars. "Do you take these men to be your lawful comrades, for better or for worse?" the colonel might as well have said.

This was unique in soldiering. But it was strikingly characteristic of the spirit of the West and the man. Thus troop after troop came into existence. The next step was the choice of officers. Torrey made a speech. That was also characteristic of this distinctive process. "The first duty of the soldier is obedience," he said. "You are now to choose your captain, and you are to do it by secret ballot. You must get a man upon whom all of you agree. When you have elected him you must obey him. After this regiment is organized there will be a lot of obeying to do. There will be no kicking. The pack-trains, our 183 mules, with heaven above them, will do all the kicking for this regiment. Your business will be to do just what your officers tell you. God help you if you don't." Then the members of the troop took the slips of paper and wrote the name of the man they wanted for captain. When the slips were collected the colonel asked the men who had been nominated: "Are you satisfied this is a fair vote?" "Are you?" "Are you?" The ballots were counted. If the troop had reached a unanimous conclusion that ended it. The captain was chosen. If there were two or three candidates of as many factions the colonel said: "Take another day and see if you can't reach an agreement. I'll be around to-morrow. Get together." The

second day usually brought the unanimous result. The lieutenants were chosen in the same way. After the captains and lieutenants had been chosen they chose the field officers, with the exception of the colonel, who was appointed by the Secretary of War, and one major. What a democratic organization to fight a crown! What a vindication of the ability of the plain people!

As soon as he had begun to hold his elections the colonel established his officers' mess. Day by day as the balloting proceeded, the lines at the officers' table lengthened. Every time he took his place at the head, the colonel looked down those lines and noted the additions. He saw captains and lieutenants with strong features, eyes that looked straight into his, chins that were firm, men born to command. And when the officers had thus been chosen the colonel saw that the plan had stood the test. From the day of completed organization the troopers yielded to their officers implicit obedience, and the officers were as one man in the decision of all regimental questions.

A well-known newspaper man of the Rocky Mountain country, Mr. J. A. Breckons, saw, day by day, the formation of Torrey's Rough Riders as it progressed from the raw material to the finished regiment fit for the field. With other on-lookers, he marveled at the executive ability shown in collecting the men, securing the equipments, organizing the twelve troops, the hospital corps, the mounted band, and three mule pack-trains, in fourteen days. "The work," he says, "was gigantic in proportions and greatly varied in its character. The men were assembled from Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming, and yet their coming was so orderly and well arranged that the trains on which they came were never overcrowded. Every arrangement was perfected in advance, so that there was never any confusion at the fort, but the men upon their arrival sat down to a hot meal and before bed-time had an opportunity to draw their blankets.

"One of the greatest surprises was that officers had apparently become proficient drill-masters the day after having been elected, when it was perfectly well known that on the day of their election they knew nothing of drill, but were simply men who were chosen by their comrades as leaders because of their strength of character. When I asked the colonel how this end was accomplished, he said, 'Come to the hall at the band quarters to-mor-

single "scrap" charged up. That affair never got beyond the borders of the company street. One of the troopers described it to the officer-of-the-day in this wise: "It didn't amount to anything, sir. One of the boys in the Leadville troop got a little too much liquor. He came over to our troop looking for something, and he found it. I handed it to him!"

Torrey's troopers never found their longed-for opportunity "to fight Spaniards." The war ended too soon. But they proved fully the second part of the proposition, which inspired their existence as a regiment, that is, the quality of Western manhood.

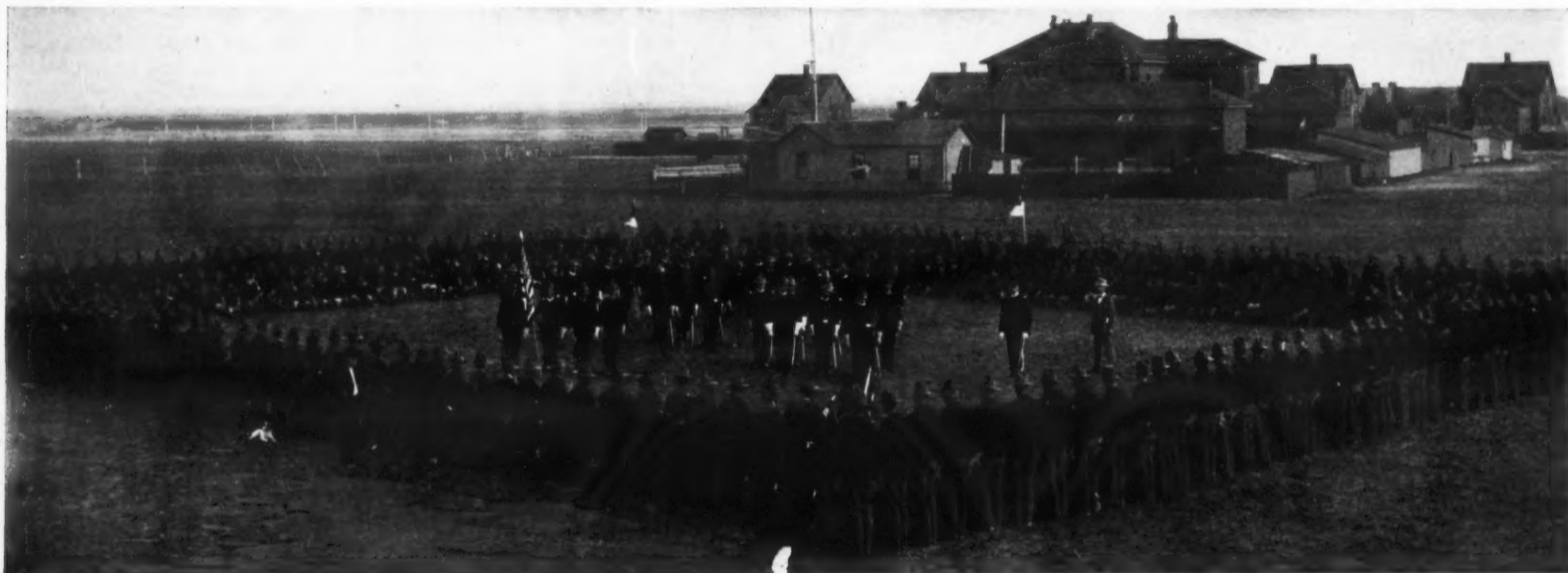
#### THE OFFICIAL ROSTER OF THE REGIMENT.

Field—Colonel, Jay L. Torrey; Lieutenant-Colonel, John Q. Cannon; Majors, James G. Harbord, William G. Wheeler, and Robert Calverley.

Staff—Chief Surgeon, Mortimer Jesurun; Chaplain, Captain Henry G. Golden; Adjutant, First Lieutenant Herbert V. Lacey; Quartermaster, First Lieutenant Fred Rapp; Assistant Surgeons, First Lieutenants Matt R. Root and George R. White.

Non-Commissioned Staff—Hospital Stewards, Henry A. Lilly, John E. Osborne, and Alfred W. Maynard; Sergeant-Major, John F. Kennedy, successor, Joseph V. E. Marsh; Quartermaster Sergeant, James L. Fleming, successor, Edward W. Clarke; Chief Musician, John B. Sinclair; Saddler Sergeant, Thomas A. Woodhall; and Chief Trumpeter, Charles F. Jackson, successor, William Morrow.

Line—Troop A, Captain, Charles H. Macnutt; Lieutenants, John Harvey, Jr., and Fred S. Follett; B, Captain, A. L. B. Davies; Lieutenants, Francis A. Perry and Cyrus E. Mead; C, Captain, George R. Shanton; Lieutenants, Herbert Breese, successor, Morgan F. Knadler, and William J. Abrams; D, Captain, William H. Norfolk, successor, Walter C. Shoup; Lieutenants, Henry R. Crane and Charles F. Barton; E, Captain, Henry H. Austin; Lieutenants, Norvel H. Baker, successor, Lewis S. Magruder, and Theodore J. Gatchell; F, Captain, Willis F. Hoadley; Lieutenants, Leonard L. Deitrick and Thomas J. King; G, Captain, John B. Menardi; Lieutenants, William Hunt, successor, John H. Ivey, and Ralph B. Cooper; H, Captain, Louis G. Davis; Lieutenants, Charles B. Osborne and John H. Albrow; I, Captain, J. Washington Young; Lieutenants, Andrew J. Burt and Sidney K. Hooper; K, Captain, Morgan



THE PRESENTATION OF SHOULDER-STRAPS TO THE OFFICERS BY THE COLONEL AT FORT D. A. RUSSELL, WYOMING.

row at daylight and you will get the answer to your question. I went, and found that immediately after breakfast the captains were drilling together as an awkward squad for one hour, and each in turn was required to command the squad. At the end of the hour the bugles sounded assembly for drill; the captains went directly from the drill-hall and assumed command of their several troops and taught them what they had just learned. At the end of the hour the officers returned immediately to the same hall and learned another movement, and at the end of that hour put in the next teaching that movement to their troops, and so it happened that officers only a day old commanded troops with confidence and ability. The movements learned in this way, from hour to hour and from day to day, resulted in the regiment becoming fairly proficient within the first ten days of its existence. When the drill had been mastered on foot, it was but a matter of detail to add the modifications for the mounted drill. First, the officers were drilled mounted, and they in turn drilled their non-commissioned officers, and then the privates were mounted, and the regiment was ready for action. The intelligence of the officers and men made this rapid work possible.

"The officer in command of the fort asked Colonel Torrey if he wished the canteen kept open. The reply was, 'Yes.' 'But,' said the officer, 'will not some of your men get drunk?' The answer was, 'Possibly so. If we have any of that kind I want to find it out so we can leave them at home.' The canteen was duly stocked and an extra bar-keeper hired in anticipation of the rush. The result was that the two bar-keepers spent the time keeping the flies off each other, and no men were left at home on account of drunkenness.

"Colonel Torrey understood so well the characters of the men composing his regiment, and their respect for him was such that he did not have occasion to put any of them in the guard-house during the time they were at Fort D. A. Russell. I doubt if he ever would have had occasion to use a guard-house if his command of the regiment had not been interfered with for six weeks by injuries received in the railroad accident, at Tupelo, Miss."

"This regiment is going to do two things," said the colonel to his men, when they started from Wyoming. "It is going to fight Spaniards, and it is going to show the North, East, and South that the West is not 'wild and woolly.'"

The record of Torrey's troopers in the Florida camp shows a

M. Maghee; Lieutenants, Hugh L. Patton and Alva C. Rice; L, Captain, Robert A. Hocker; Lieutenants, Edgar D. Shurtleff and Thomas W. Davies; and M, Captain, William L. Cox; Lieutenants, Robert C. Gracey and Charles B. Henderson.

#### ROUGH RIDERS' WAR RALLY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THE HON. N. K. GRIGGS, OF LINCOLN, NEB.

Ho, all ye knights who ward the plain,  
Each breath from the sea invokes the Maine;  
While up from the depths of ocean grave  
A cry for revenge comes o'er the wave;  
So, rein to the bronco, and swift away,  
For duty now calls, nor brooks delay;  
Give rope to the dons with steady hand,  
Then press to their hides the red-hot brand;  
Nor once by their plaints be moved nor stirred,  
For Satan, at sight, should know that herd;—  
And so, hey-ho! Sir Knights, hey-ho!  
Ride on in your pride, nor ride ye slow!

Ho, all ye knights in courtly West,  
Have tears for the woes in isles oppressed;  
For myriads there now faint for bread,  
And carrion beaks tear sainted dead;  
And babies lie stark on bosoms bare,  
And mothers look up with glassy stare;  
And plying calls get soulless jeers,  
For treacherous dons have heartless ears;  
So blister them deep, nor mind they moan,  
For Satan must know to claim his own;—  
And so, hey-ho! Sir Knights, hey-ho!  
Ride on in your wrath, to deal them woe!

Ho, all ye knights with courage high,  
Encircle the brutes for fear they fly;  
Then hold them in hand till work is done,  
And like unto Cain ye've marked each one;  
For even the broncos of justice know,  
And chafe at the bit, full bent to go,  
And fleet as the winds, unvexed and free,  
Would speed to the fields where knights should be;  
So, hence to the deed, and brand them well,  
That Satan may round them all in hell;—  
And so, hey-ho! Sir Knights, hey-ho!  
Ride on in your might, and slay them low!



COLONEL TORREY, ON HIS HORSE "VOLUNTEER."

A baptism of blood came quickly. It assumed a form unlooked for. It tested the moral fibre of the regiment. The answer to the test was all that could have been asked. After that, Torrey's Rough Riders would not have been found wanting, no matter what the call. There was none of the glory of arms and the exhilaration of battle in this initial shock. The regiment started for the front. The second heavy train ran into the first at Tupelo, Miss. The wreck was complete. Two cars were crushed within the space of one. Except in the single day at Santiago, there were few battle-fields in the whole war which showed such an appalling list of casualties. Six troopers were killed. Scores were injured. Not a groan or a moan was heard from the sufferers. No rough rider who could conceal his hurt admitted it to the surgeons. He was afraid that he would be taken to the hospital and would lose the chance to fight Spaniards. The self-reliance of the Western life told. One trooper was rescued with a dislocated finger from under a derailed car. Its owner looked at it critically, turned to a comrade and said: "Here, Barney, give us a pull." "Barney pulled till it popped," said the trooper afterward to his superior officer, in telling what occurred. "I knew it was all right. So I tied it to the next finger and said nothing." There was another, with a badly-sprained back, but the surgeon didn't find it out until long afterward. "What did you do?" he was asked. "Put horse liniment on it," was the reply. "Why didn't you go to the doctor?" "What was the use? The doctor couldn't see it. All he would know about it would be what I could tell him. I knew where it was and how it felt. I didn't need any doctor to tell me what to do." There was a third trooper in one of the forage cars. He was called upon for a report. "The first shock," he said, "I hit the end of the car with my face. The second shock the end of the car went out."

Those who escaped injury were quick to the rescue. One of them ran to the car ahead, which had turned over and lay almost flat on the side. He stooped down and peered under. There was a uniform in sight, but not within reach. The rescuer called for help. A score responded, lifted and pried until they had raised the car a few inches. The form in the soldier clothes never moved and made no sound. It was necessary to scratch away the dirt and make a little trench to reach him. Finally the trooper supposed to be dead was dragged out. He opened his eyes, got on his feet, looked himself over, shook one limb after the other, and said: "—! Never touched me!"

But there were scenes along that wreck that were not funny. They were as pathetic as any ever witnessed on a battle-field. One poor fellow was brought out and laid on the grass. Arms and legs were crushed. Nothing could be done. Comrades looked down solemnly. The soldier opened his eyes and looked up at them. "One of you fellows roll me a cigarette," he said. The cigarette was rolled and put between his teeth. A match was lighted and touched. No more was said. The light and life went out together. They brought out another, the most famous dancer in all his region, mangled beyond help. The captain sat down and began to talk consolingly. "That's all right, cap'n," the boy said, with a smile; "but I feel the cold coming over me. I know what it means."

Over the stories of that wreck at Tupelo a nation might laugh one moment and cry the next. Torrey's Rough Riders knew how to die before they saw a battle-field. The doctors marveled much as they described such fortitude as they had never before seen in a railroad wreck.

One day, when the regiment had become settled in its Florida camp, the attorney of the railroad company appeared, and said: "It isn't worth while to inquire how far the company was responsible. I am here to settle the claims, if I can." Thereupon was placed in his hands a report upon the wreck, showing in elaborate detail every injury received and every loss sustained by the troopers. The lawyer was amazed. After the accident Colonel Torrey, with both feet mangled so that he could do nothing but lie motionless and think, summoned his troop commanders and said he wanted to see every lawyer in the regiment. Ten lawyers of various ranks responded. It had been the boast of the colonel that he could call from the regiment a man fitted for any duty that could be suggested. This array of legal talent was rather startling. "You will organize yourselves into a court of claims," said the colonel; "send for every man that had a pain or lost a cent in the wreck, and report." This report was what amazed the railroad company's lawyer when he found it awaiting him. But it wasn't all. Locomotive engineers in the uniform of the regiment were in the cars of the wrecked train. They detected the first sign of something amiss. They understood every touch of the air-brakes. They knew what happened and why. When the engineer recovered consciousness after his fall and began to ejaculate as to the cause of the wreck, the troopers were listening to his admissions

and debating whether he should be hanged like a criminal or shot like a cur. The railroad officials who ran to the cab found rough riders already there, carefully noting the reading of the gauges, the condition of the air-brake, and the positions of the levers. The claims were paid. Quite a fortunate circumstance to have had a lawyer for colonel!

In the course of a speech at a Republican rally in Cheyenne, shortly after his return from the front, Colonel Torrey paid a glowing tribute to the patriotism of his associates, and feelingly referred to the wreck at Tupelo. He gave a vivid account of the sad death of six of his troopers, of the wounding of thirty odd, and of the heroic conduct of the other members of the regiment, but said nothing of his own injuries.

Lieutenant Morgan F. Knadler, in an account of the accident, spoke of the colonel's injuries as follows: he said, "The headquarters-car was broken and smashed, and the iron and timbers stacked up in all sorts of indescribable shapes. Before they had stopped moving from the shock Colonel Torrey sprang right out of the thickest of the debris and scrambled up the bank unaided. He was seized by four or five of us and carried into a little negro hut near by. We saw from the blood on his face and hands, the torn condition of his clothes, and the crushed condition of his shoes, that he was badly injured. The first words he uttered were, 'How many of the boys were hurt?' After learning the facts about them, he said to the surgeon, 'Will I lose my feet? I would rather die than not ride with the boys.' There were three wounds over the right eye and one in the right eyebrow; if either one of them had been a half-inch deeper it would have caused instant death. If the cut across the nose had been a quarter of an inch deeper it would have put out both eyes. The bruise on the cheek-bone all but broke in his face. There were two cuts across his left wrist, either one of which would have ruined his hand had it been a trifle deeper. The fingers of his left hand had been badly cut by glass. From his knees down no spot was left unbruised; evidently his feet had been broken backwards with the result of the strain, breaking and displacing the bones and tendons."

"While the surgeon gave attention to his wounds the colonel attended to the details of paying a local lawyer a retainer fee to immediately collect the evidence showing the responsibility of the railroad to the injured men; sending an officer to Birmingham with his personal draft in blank to purchase supplies for the men necessitated by the delay incident to the accident; ordering the two trains which had been Nos. 3 and 4 to the front as Nos. 1 and 2, so that there would be as little delay as possible; receiving reports as to the dead and the care of the wounded; giving the necessary orders incident to replacing the broken-up cars, the protection of property, and the forward movement. The accident occurred about four o'clock p. m., and at midnight the journey was resumed. The colonel declined to stay in Tupelo, refused to be sent to the hospital or hotel at Jacksonville, but proceeded to Panama Park, established headquarters, and for three days, with his feet elevated above the level of his body, commanded the division to which the regiment had been assigned, and in which he was the senior colonel, until General Lee ordered him to yield his command and go to the hospital."

Senator George L. Shoup, of Idaho, an officer of distinction in the Civil War, took a personal interest in Torrey's rough riders, both because of his friendship for Colonel Torrey, and the fact that the Shoup Rangers, from his own State, constituted Troop D of the regiment. In the beginning he staked his reputation upon Colonel Torrey being the right man for important command, and when the regiment was at Jacksonville, Fla., went there to visit it. He had anticipated that the regiment would be a fine body of men, and had heard good reports of it, but he said afterward it far exceeded all that he had heard and expected.

Major-General Fitzhugh Lee was very proud of those rough riders. He said on one occasion that he had been graduated at West Point before the war and had become a lieutenant in the cavalry service; that at the close of the war he was in command of all the cavalry forces of the Southern army, and hence he felt qualified to speak upon the subject; that he had never seen a finer lot of men or a better lot of horses than those constituting Torrey's regiment of rough riders, and that he was greatly pleased at having the regiment a part of his command.

Brigadier-General L. F. Hubbard, commanding the Third Division of the Seventh Army Corps, gave his opinion of the regiment in these strong expressions: "I reviewed it carefully this morning. During my four years of service in the Civil War I saw many regiments of cavalry, but never one equal to this one. The manoeuvres were perfect in every detail and the horsemanship of the men was wonderful. I have only words of praise for the officers and men alike. It is an organization that will, if opportunity affords, do great credit to the volunteer army."

Brigadier-General A. S. Burt, of the same corps, after visiting the regiment at Panama Park, said: "I have known the cowboy family since the day it was founded; the troopers who ride under the banner of Colonel Torrey are a just source of pride to him and the West. I saw the drill to-day, and the movements were executed with a promptness and precision that astonished me. The evolutions were as perfectly executed as those of any cavalry I have ever seen drill. The horsemanship of the men is superb. The men are evidently strong characters and full of the material of which fighters are made. They are a perfectly behaved lot of men. I have never heard of one of them being intoxicated or in a quarrel." Such were the opinions formed of the regiment by the highest officers of the corps to which it belonged.

The struggle made by Colonel Torrey to get his regiment into action was energetic and persistent, but futile. The regiment proceeded under orders to Jacksonville, Fla., arriving there June 28th, and after the fight-

ing had begun at Santiago. An urgent appeal was made and remade to be included in the Porto Rican expedition, but cavalry was not needed there, and disappointment followed. All the friends of the command were besought to make sure of the regiment being included in the force destined to make the attack on Havana, and there is no doubt but that if such an attack had been made, the rough riders would have occupied a conspicuous place.

During the encampment at Jacksonville, Colonel Torrey, as an expression of his appreciation of the sympathy of the families of the officers, gave a banquet to the twenty-nine ladies of the corps. Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, of course, occupied the seat of honor. It was a brilliant and unique affair, and could only have been given by a gentleman situated as he was. Later on, the colonel squared himself with the officers of the corps by giving a steamboat excursion to and supper at Orange Park. He and the officers of the regiment entertained General Lee and his staff and all the generals of the corps, nine in number.

Very unusual interest was taken by the members of the Seventh Army Corps and the citizens of Jacksonville and the surrounding country in field-day sports, which occurred at the Country Club during the time the corps was at Jacksonville. Torrey's Rough Riders were asked to furnish entries in the "saddle and go" contest. A major of cavalry of the United States Army, on staff duty, extended the invitation. He was very kind, and explained in great detail to a couple of lieutenants who entered just how to lay their coats, gloves, and saddles on the ground as a preliminary to putting on the coat, saddling the horse and mounting and at once starting in the horse race. The lieutenants, of course, thanked their volunteer instructor for his information, and gave assurances that they would do the best they could. As a matter of fact, when they appeared for the contest they threw their coats, gloves, saddles, and saddle blankets upon the ground very much as they had prepared to ride under exciting circumstances on other occasions. When the bell rang for the start they seemed to dodge into their coats rather than put them on; the saddle blanket was thrown with one hand and the saddle with the other. The cinches seemed to "catch on" by themselves, and they sprang from the ground into the saddles. The horses jumped at the same time the officers did, and the race was between the lieutenants, who made the run around the track in time to be asked by the major instructor, who had not yet gotten on to his horse, "where the h—ll they came from." In answer, while riding to the judges' stand to receive the first and second premiums, they joined in a little snatch of the regimental song, which runs thus:

"And when you touch the stirrups,  
Let your horse be on the run."

Senator F. E. Warren, of Wyoming, took charge of the legislation which made possible the organization of the rough riders. His reminiscences of the regiment are very interesting.

The rough-rider idea, the Senator says, was laid before him by Colonel Torrey, one of the most prominent and best-known stockmen in his part of the country, who had had a large experience with frontiersmen. At Colonel Torrey's request they went to the President, the Secretary of War, and the general commanding the army, early in March, and told them of the Western men who were fine horsemen and good marksmen, but who in the ordinary course would not be given an opportunity for service under the proposed law. In view of the encouragement given by President McKinley, Secretary Alger, and General Miles, Senator Warren introduced a bill in the Senate providing for the organization of such a force. The volunteer-army bill reached the Senate before the rough-rider bill was passed, and Senator Warren procured an amendment to it under which the three regiments were subsequently organized.

Colonel Torrey had been a captain of cadets at the State University of Missouri, and a line and staff officer in the National Guard of Missouri; he had had a large experience in providing for and controlling cowboys; had been elected as a Republican, in a Democratic county, to the Wyoming Legislature, and had been a successful speaker in the House of Representatives.

Senator Warren mentions an incident of the history of the regiment illustrative of the tender interest which the commander took in his rough riders, dead as well as living. Colonel Torrey, the Senator says, not only exercised the greatest care and efficiency in providing for his men during the time the regiment was in service, but has been untiring since it was mustered out. The remains of most of the deceased members were asked for by friends, and in every such case the request was granted. The bodies of five members of the regiment were not asked for. They had been buried in different parts of the country. He was so persistent in his wish to have these bodies collected and buried in the cemetery in Wyoming, where the regiment rendezvoused, that the Senator finally secured the consent of the government for their removal. When the bodies arrived at Cheyenne the largest church was not large enough to accommodate more than a small part of those who attended the funerals.



THE ROUGH RIDERS IN THE WRECK AT TUPELO, MISS

The rough riders were Torrey's boys. Muster-out did not make them orphans, as the commander's interest in them continued. Congress at the present session has borne evidence of this fact. An act of justice, not only to his sick comrades but to all of the sick soldiers of the war with Spain, is about to be done at his instance. The Senate has acted favorably; the House will follow. When his regiment was mustered out in Florida 208 of his men who had been taken sick in the Southern camp were at their homes or at hospitals in the mountain country. The colonel came to Washington and asked that they be discharged with travel pay instead of being mustered out without it. He was the only colonel in the volunteer army to foresee and prevent this hardship to the sick soldiers on furlough. The Secretary of War issued the order. An accounting officer of the treasury found a technical barrier in the law. The allowances of travel pay were held up when about half completed.

A letter from Colonel Torrey to Senator Warren, printed in the report of the military committee, puts into plain words the meaning of the bill:

"Travel pay, as you know, is an allowance of a day's pay and a day's ration for every twenty miles, from the place of muster-out to the place of enlistment or enrollment. This sum, while not large, was more than would be required for our men to reach home, as the railroads were then transporting soldiers at a reduced fare. At the time our regiment was mustered out 208 of our patriots were absent on sick furlough, and I was unwilling that they should be treated less generously than the members of the regiment who had not had the misfortune of losing their health. How the law worked may be illustrated thus: Suppose that you and I were brothers and members of the regiment, and that you were at home on sick furlough; the result would be that you would receive no financial consideration, although having a doctor's bill to pay for expenses incurred while in the service and unable to labor, and with an uncertain length of time in the future in which it would be impossible for you to labor. On the other hand, I would be mustered out with the regiment, and would arrive home with what would be to the government a very small sum, but enough to enable me to buy some citizens' clothes and leave a few dollars for expenses until I could resume my former occupation."

In its application the bill is general. It will reach all sick soldiers who were in the same position as the furloughed rough riders between April 21st, 1898, and the date of the passage of the act, except, of course, in such cases as the order of discharge did not specify the usual right to travel pay. To Colonel Torrey and his continuous interest in the rough riders even in peace is due this act of justice to all sick soldiers of the war period. He was exceptional in that he came to Washington, obtained a ruling from the auditor that the non-commissioned officers and privates of his regiment were entitled to one month's extra pay, and thereafter sent to each of them the necessary blanks upon which to make application and receipt for such pay, together with a letter of instructions as to the steps required to secure a prompt allowance and payment.

The souvenir spoon is as novel as the rough rider. It is in the form of the meat-can, which is the plate used by all the non-commissioned officers and privates in the army; that is, the bowl of the spoon and the lower half of the handle are a miniature half of the meat-can with the handle. The upper end of the handle of the spoon is a horseshoe, suggestive of the cavalry. In the bowl of the spoon appears the picture of Colonel Torrey, and below it the name of the regiment. These spoons will be sold and the proceeds added to the fund being raised to erect a monument in memory of the dead heroes of the regiment.

The three mule pack-trains reached the Florida camp a few days ahead of the regiment. Mississippians who were camped close by tried to make use of the mules. This the men in charge would not allow and appealed to General Lee, who sustained them. But the affair left a bad feeling, and the Mississippians frequently talked of what they were going to do to the rough riders. Nothing came of the talk, for every trooper knew he was expected to be "a soldier and a gentleman." One day there was an excursion to Saint Augustine. Hundreds of soldiers went down from the camp to spend the day. A Mississippian, nursing the old grudge, backed against a wall and, with a six-

shooter in one hand and an ugly knife in the other, began to shout defiance to all rough riders. For a time there was no response. A crowd of soldiers of other commands gathered in front and looked on. An officer of another command told of the occurrence. He said that he noticed a man in the uniform of a rough rider, with horseshoes on his sleeves, edging his way deliberately to the front of the crowd. Upon getting to the drunken soldier he asked, in the mildest of tones, "What were you saying?" The reply was that he wanted fifteen or twenty rough riders to shoot and carve. As quick as a flash the farrier caught him by the throat with his right hand, seized the right hand of the soldier with his left, and pinioned the left arm to the wall with his body. As if by one movement he loosened his grip upon the throat, with one hand seized the pistol and with the other the knife, and wrenched them both from the hands of the "bad man." He then turned to the friend of the disarmed man, reversed both pistol and knife, and tendered them, handles first, saying, "You had better take charge of these weapons, as that fool is liable to hurt himself." He then walked away without the least swagger or bravado.

#### WHILE WE GO RIDING WITH TORREY.

BY MR. C. P. STORY, OF THE SHERIDAN (WYOMING) "POST."

Air—"Marching through Georgia."

Now up and cinch your saddle, boys.  
And buckle on your gun,  
And when you touch the stirrups  
Let your horse be on the run;  
For they tell us down in Cuba  
That we boys will have some fun,  
While we go riding with Torrey.

#### CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The chorus we will swell,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! It's the cowboy's turn to yell;  
There's a gun for every "puncher,"  
And we know our leader well,  
While we go riding with Torrey.

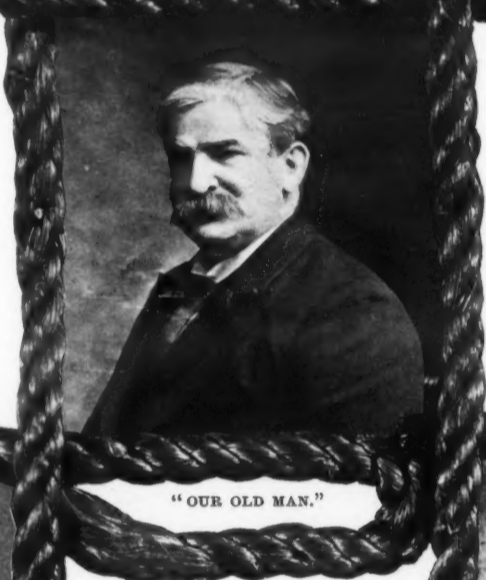
Uncle Sam will make a round-up  
On the range across the bay—  
He wants a thousand "reps" to go  
With Torrey, so they say.



A GOOD SOLDIER THEN—A GOOD CITIZEN NOW.



A DEAD HERO—DIED OF FEVER WHILE WAITING FOR ORDERS WHICH NEVER CAME.



"OUR OLD MAN."



JUST LIKE THE REST—GUNNING FOR SPANIARDS.



ONE OF THE BOYS WHO WENT "RIDING WITH TORREY."

To handle the U. S. irons  
In a systematic way,  
While we go riding with Torrey.

Now, when it comes to riding, boys,  
Our broncos are the best;  
They'll find the Western cowboys  
Are equal to the test;  
It's cartridges and guns we want,  
And we will do the rest,  
While we go riding with Torrey.

So, boys, we'll make a round-up  
Of the dons who fired the Maine;  
We'll burn the U. S. brand so deep  
They'll not be held by Spain;  
And on the Western soil we'll meet  
At the home ranch once again,  
While we go riding with Torrey.

Torrey's school, exclusively for his rough riders, is now taking form. Having buried the unclaimed dead with all possible honor, having obtained from the government all that is due the living, the commander concerns himself with the future of his men. It is a strange proposition. To some it may seem Quixotic. To all it will be interesting. All the members of Torrey's Rough Riders can read and write, but some of them cannot do so very well and are deficient in other branches of learning. No educational advantages are open to these men. He proposes to establish a school for this class of the members of his regiment. Such a school as he has conceived is without precedent. His home is at Embury, Wyo. The mess-hall and bunk-house at his home ranch is the best residence in the county in which it is located—a county of a larger area than the State of Massachusetts. During the summer months this dwelling is used by the men who look after his cattle, horses, and sheep. In the winter few men are needed, and most of them are in different parts of the country in close proximity to the stock.

The plan is to turn over the mess-hall and bunk-house to such members of the regiment as may wish to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure a practical education. Officers and men who are skilled teachers will be the instructors. Every

man will contribute his share of the cost, and so each one will be absolutely independent. The men will form a mess or more, and will, in turn, do their own cooking, waiting, and house-cleaning. Those who are disagreeable, who cook badly, or in other respects "defy mother's slipper," will be tried in due form of law, and, if condemned, will no doubt be "shapped" (whipped with leather pants). The proceedings will be approximately in accordance with the laws of the State, and all the participants will become acquainted in the ways of administering the law. The eatables will be furnished at cost. Every member will be required to make estimates of what is needed, and keep the mess accounts as a part of the educational course. Arithmetic will not only be taught as it appears in the books, but practical applications of it will be provided in the making of estimates and in the keeping of accounts. Haystacks will be measured, the acreage of ground computed. Other practical problems will be worked out. Elementary book-keeping will be taught, and each member will be required to keep a set of books showing all of his money transactions, real, and perhaps some that will be imaginary. Business penmanship will be taught, and there will be exercises in writing letters embodying sentiment and business. Blacksmithing, carpentering, and saddlery will be taught in the shops at the ranch. There will be practical lessons in gardening, milking, and the handling of cattle, horses, and sheep. In short, the course will embrace instruction in all branches which will add to the happiness of every member, and which will enable him for the rest of his life to occupy a more important sphere and to earn a greater amount than he would were it not for this educational training. Every member will be given an opportunity to work one day in six in payment for the privileges enjoyed, and, if unable to contribute his share to the expense of the mess, will be given an opportunity to work such part of the time as may be necessary to enable him to do so.

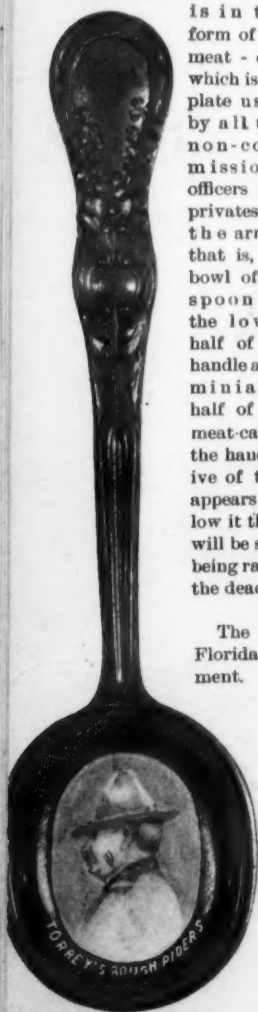


A TYPICAL ROUGH RIDER.

Frank H. Hosford, one of the best-known of the Western correspondents, in speaking of the rough riders, said: "The ambition of Colonel Torrey was not simply to organize a regiment, but one, the members of which should be men of such good character that the patriotic mothers of ambitious boys who were going to enlist would desire that they should join it; that is, he was ambitious that the regiment should not only prove a tower of strength to the government, but exemplify the sturdy character of Western men. The personnel of the men who enlisted and their conduct while in the service have amply proved that his ambition was gratified. What the men thought of him is shown by the fact that they all joined in a petition to the Secretary of War to commission him the colonel of the regiment. That petition is a souvenir of which he is very proud. It was supposed, in the beginning, that the members were from the five States the regiment represented, but when anxious mothers began to write about their boys it was found that they came from every part of the world, showing that the regiment was composed of adventurous spirits from all climes. No mother's letter ever went unanswered.

"The rough riders were always tenderly solicitous as to their sick comrades. While in camp at Panama Park, Fla., there was a cyclone. As soon as it was recognized, the men by common consent rushed to the hospital, and by their combined strength perfectly protected the sick from the slightest inconvenience or injury. Many of the men who sat upon the geyser and supported the tent-poles were only partly dressed, and the tents of quite a large number of them were blown away in their absence.

"The regiment was mustered out of service at Jacksonville, Fla., on October 24th, 1898. There were no scenes of disorder, although they received, in the aggregate, about \$90,000. Some of the men resumed peaceful occupations; some of them enlisted in the regular army and have since seen service in the Philippines. A few of them are in the Boer army and a few in the British army in South Africa. The members were well-nigh heart broken that they had not galloped upon a battle-field and written history with powder, ball, and spur."



THE SOUVENIR SPOON. Patent applied for.

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BEANZ?"



UNTIL YOU'VE TRIED  
**ARMOUR'S PORK & BEANS**

Now Bobby's  
like Papa  
in the *NEW*  
**"LION  
BRAND"**  
SHIRTS  
for little  
fellows



The shirt-waisted boy looks with envy on his LION BRAND clad playmate. These shirts, a new idea in child clothing, give a dressy effect that mothers have long sought, without the "dressed-up" feeling, at which the little fellows rebel—and the use of suspenders permits a freedom of motion they need. Made in white percale, white embroidered, and white hemstitch bosoms. Sizes 5 to 12 years, with straight standing, tip point standing, and high band fold collars to fit. Shirts cost 75 cents, collars 10 cents. Your dealer will get them for you if he hasn't them in stock, or we will send, prepaid, one shirt and collar on receipt of \$1.00. Mention style and age wanted.

Address Box 109

**UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR Co., Makers Troy, N.Y.**

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.  
WASHINGTON, D. C. March 31, 1900.  
Sealed proposals will be received at this Department until Thursday, May 3, 1900, at 2 o'clock p. m., for furnishing paper, books, stationery, rubber goods, wrapping-paper, twine, scales, post-marking and rating stamps, rubber stamps, inkling pads, packing-boxes, and printing facing slips and card slide labels, as they may be ordered from time to time during the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1900, and ending June 30, 1901, for the use of any branch of the departmental or postal service.  
Blanks for proposals, with specifications and full instructions, will be furnished on application to the Superintendent of the Division of Post-Office Supplies, Post-Office Department, Washington, D. C.  
CH. EMORY SMITH,  
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Height 4 feet  
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A WILLIAMS Shaving Stick of the ordinary size will furnish about 300 shaves. This mammoth shaving stick is equal to 4,450 of the ordinary size—or enough to shave a man every day in the year for 3,657 years!

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The size is exaggerated, but it is impossible to exaggerate the splendid qualities which have given Williams' Shaving Stick world-wide fame.

The deliciously creamy, permeating lather, its remarkably softening effect upon the beard, its convenience of form, and its strong, unique case, make Williams' Shaving Stick the very perfection of shaving soap.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

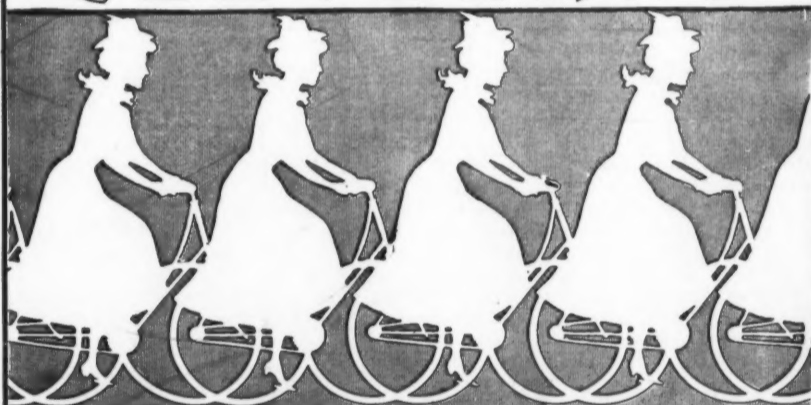
Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents.  
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents. White Glycerine Toilet Soap, 10 cents.  
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers) 6 round cakes 1 lb., 40 cents. Exquisite also for toilet.  
Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp.

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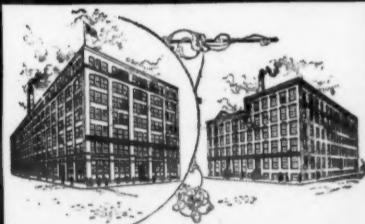
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BICYCLES

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A LOCOMOBILE LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE.



CLIMBING THE STEEP HILL NEAR GRANT'S TOMB.

## How I Mastered a "Locomobile."

INTERESTED in advanced ideas generally, I have had a profound admiration for the owners of the inventive minds of the present generation—particularly the men who have so successfully supplanted poor old "Dobbin" and the old gray mare. The self-propelling or motor vehicle is fast coming into general use for business and social purposes, principally on account of its low selling price. I particularly refer to the "Locomobile" in making this statement, the electric and gasoline automobiles, by virtue of their expensive construction and operation, commanding a price that prohibits possession by the average citizen.

The first "Locomobile" I saw on Fifth Avenue filled me with wonder and admiration scarcely equaled by the esteem in which I held the gentleman operating the machine. I imagined that he must have had to undergo a severe "course of sprouts" before purchasing his "Loco." Curiosity, generally attributed to the opposite sex, led me to the "Locomobile" office at 11 Broadway, where Mr. Davis, the treasurer of the company, gave me to understand that it was a comparatively easy matter to learn to operate a steam machine. The result was that Mr. Mudge took me in charge at his headquarters, Seventy-sixth Street and the Boulevard. I was given a "Locomobile" and an expert operator, and away we went up the Boulevard, toward Grant's tomb. Frank Sparrell, the operator, a young man from Worcester, Mass., held his breath when I took, not the "ribbons," but the lever. I found later that he had had a bad fright a few days previous. One of Gotham's millionaires, while taking a lesson, had nearly dumped the whole outfit in the Hudson River. Cause—the millionaire lost his head, turning the steering apparatus left instead of right. In this manner can man produce the same effect as a horse.

The little wagon responded to the lightest touch of the lever, and I was satisfied with moderate speed at first. I soon found that it was absolutely necessary to keep a cool head in order to avoid trouble with carriages, trucks, and pedestrians. Steam was the controlling power. I found it reliable and easily controlled. I know precious little about engineering; but I did not need the scientific knowledge. A woman or child, with ordinary caution, could have operated the same machine, which I found was practically noiseless, odorless, and free from jar. I anticipated difficulty when we approached the grade leading to the tomb of our late and revered national soldier-hero, but my fears were in vain; we quickly climbed the steep hills without difficulty. It was indeed a pleasure

trip and one long to be remembered. I do not wonder that the New York Fire Department have officially indorsed and are using this motor carriage. Fire Chief Croker's record trips to recent conflagrations have been published so generally that I will not repeat them here, for want of space. Any of the company's officers will be pleased to give further information upon application in writing. The address, The "Locomobile" Company of America, would reach them, as they have copyrighted and have the exclusive use of the now widely-known word "Locomobile."

But to return to my feelings. They were simply delightful; nearly like the ones I experienced when I owned my first pair of red-top boots, the only difference being that I did not own the graceful little run-about that later carried me through the air like a bird. We circulated around Grant's tomb and started south along Riverside Drive, turning into Seventy-second Street, down Eighth Avenue, alongside Central Park (I longed to take a spin in the park, but was obliged to forego the pleasure on account of a senseless and non-progressive ruling of the park com-

missioners to the contrary), passing the Columbus statue at the circle. Eighth Avenue caused the shivers to vibrate up and down the motor-operator's spine—he didn't think I was going to tackle a busy thoroughfare studiously avoided by the boys at the operating-rooms. I needed the full use of my faculties on the avenue, crowded with vehicles, carts, and cars, and would not advise either beginners or experts to try to navigate even with horses on this miserable street, so illy paved and in such bad repair. My brain was busy guiding the hand that controlled the lever, the hand (the left one) that grasped the steering apparatus, and the foot working the brake. The other foot, which did not do its full duty, should have sounded the fog-horn. It was my busy day, I must confess, and I was glad to turn into Thirty-fourth Street, heading for Fifth Avenue. Well, it was parade-hour on the avenue, and I was in the height of fashion. I had but little chance to pass my neighbors, on account of the tremendous crush, and was glad to reach Madison Avenue at Forty-third Street, where I could, and did, fairly fly. I was cautioned to go slower on account of the police, who look out for and "run in" sprinters of various kinds. While it was not my intention to appear reckless, I wanted to demonstrate to my entire satisfaction, which I did, the fact that it was not necessary to be a licensed engineer in order to operate the machine. I also proved that only a few lessons were necessary in order to master guiding and steering apparatus and the proper use of the brake. Each owner of a "Locomobile" should, naturally, learn and thoroughly master the interior workings or mechanism. This, however, is a pleasure, being comprehended easily, on account of simplicity of construction.

I might go on to tell you that, among other points in its favor, the machine weighs only about 600 pounds, that it can be quickly started and as quickly stopped, that it will run at any rate of speed desired, that it will climb any hill, and that it has been run at a cost of one-half a cent per mile for each person; but all this you can get, in much better shape than I can furnish it, as above. In addition, duty calls me to the busy communities of the new South, where I shall next be heard from. The young man was good to me, but he was glad to say good-bye. We landed safely, however, without accident, at the starting-point.

CHARLES ELLEY HALL,  
General Staff Correspondent  
"Leslie's Weekly."



TWO INTERESTING SIGHTS IN WASHINGTON—THE CAPITOL AND LOCOMOBILE.



MRS. TIEMANN AND HER LOCOMOBILE



A LOCO SURREY AT SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET BRANCH—THE LARGEST MOTOR-CARRIAGE REPOSITORY IN THE WORLD.

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The hops used in Schlitz beer are the best hops grown in the world; most of them are imported from the renowned Saaz district in Bohemia. They are personally selected by one of the owners of our business at the hop-picking season.

Then we keep them in refrigerating rooms until they are used. We preserve their aroma, so that they come to our vats with all the freshness and virtue that they had on the vines.

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All Others Are Imitations.

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You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

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**REDUCED RATES TO CINCINNATI VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT OF PEOPLE'S PARTY NATIONAL CONVENTION.**

For the benefit of those desiring to visit Cincinnati during the session of the People's Party National Convention, May 9th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell tickets from all stations at the rate of one first class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going on May 7th only, and returning leaving Cincinnati not later than May 12th.

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**PROSPECTIVE BUYER**—"Yes, I like this house as well as any that you have in Morningrow, but it stands on such a fearfully steep hill. It would tire a man out completely to climb it."  
**Agent**—"Well, you would have to climb it only in the evening when you came from the train; and just think what a help that steep decline would be mornings when you had to catch trains!"—*Judge.*

## LAST PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR TO WASHINGTON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The last of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally-conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will be run on May 2d. The rate, \$14.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes transportation, hotel accommodations, and transfer of passenger and baggage from station to hotel. These rates include accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs or Ebbitt House. For accommodations at Willard's, Regent, Metropolitan or National Hotel, \$2.50 less. All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons. An experienced chaperon will also accompany the party.

Side trips may also be made to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington; Old Point Comfort, opposite which the Monitor and Merrimac met in their memorable struggle; and Richmond, Va. These side-trip excursion tickets may be obtained by holders of Pennsylvania tour tickets at the following rates: Mount Vernon, 75 cents; Old Point Comfort, \$3.50 via steamer, \$6.00 all rail; Richmond, \$4.00.

For itineraries, tickets, and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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ALL afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

The **Sohmer Piano** is the prime favorite for artists for both concert and private use.

Don't be satisfied with the "just as good" sort—there is none comparable to Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get at grocers' or druggists'.

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**Advice to Mothers:** Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS** Cure Indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headache.  
10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

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**HYOMEI**  
**Antiseptic Skin Soap,**  
Made from the fresh green leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree.  
"A bath with Hyomei Soap is a rare luxury."  
Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.  
Price, 25c.  
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Have you read my little book, "Three Classes of Men"? If not write for same. It is sent in plain, sealed envelope free on request, and embodies the truths I have learned from 30 years' experience. It tells of my famous **DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT**, with electric suspensory, the world's greatest home self-treatment for all results of youthful errors, lack of vigor and manly strength. Worn at night, it gives strength while you sleep. No stomach-wrecking drugs. 7,000 cured in 1899. Write for book to-day. I answer all letters personally, or the Belt can be examined at my office.

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**NO DINNER COMPLETE WITHOUT IT.**

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**STRENGTHENS SYSTEM BODY BRAIN and NERVES.**

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Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write **COOK REMEDY CO.**  
374 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital \$500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100-page Book Free.

**OPIUM** and **Liquor Habit** cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1, 4, Lebanon, Ohio.**

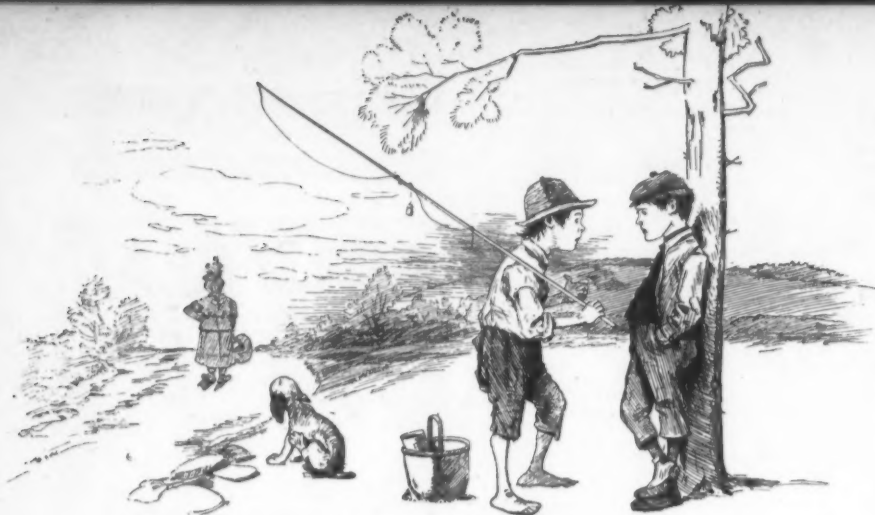
**COE'S ECZEMA CURE \$1** at druggists. 25c. box of us. Coe Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

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"Wot's de matter, Billy—is de engagement broke off?"  
 "Yes. It's no use payin' intentions to a gal wot kin knock de head off yer wid a simple lick—an' dat's wot she come near doin' de last time I called on her. If I marries a gal I want ter be boss; an' if dere's enny fighting' ter be did I wants ter be champion."

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"Known the world over.  
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sufficient to support your  
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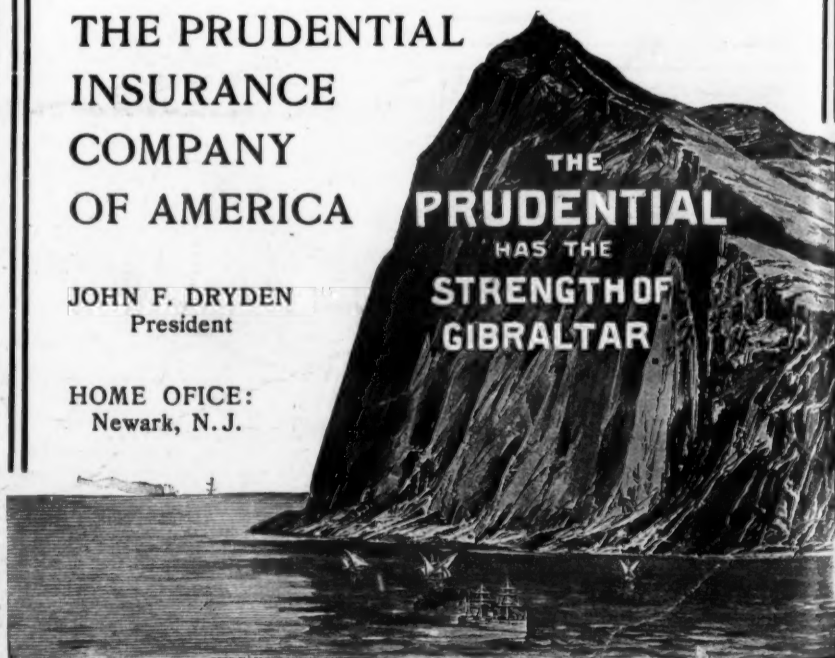
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